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INDIAN JOHN

LIFE OF JOHN W. JOHNSON^c

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By

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Fort Payne, Alabama

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LIFE OF JOHN W. JOHNSON

Chapter 1

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John W. Johnson, the subject of this narrative, was born in Hollis, Me., October 7, 1829. His parents moved to Factory Island, Saco, Me., in 1833, into a wooden block, near Gooch Island Bridge. Mr. Johnson's family consisted of his wife, three sons, and two daughters. When John was about three and a half years old, an accident occurred to him which proved to be a very fortunate one. He was one day in company with some other small children, playing opposite the house in a gravel pit, where his father and some other men were getting out gravel to put on the road, when one of the workmen that was employed there, in drawing back his pick to strike into the gravel, struck John in the forehead, knocking him down senseless upon the ground. Mr. Johnson, who was near, picked him up and carried him home, where after a short time he was restored to consciousness. The blow made quite a gash and fractured the bone, and the parents lamented over it much, but it was a lucky blow, for by this scar upon John's forehead, the parents identified him years afterwards when he was with the Indians, as it was the only mark upon the child when lost.

On the 16th day of May, 1833, a day that was long remembered by the parents, after his brothers and sisters had come from school in the forenoon, John, who was now not four years old, went out with his brothers and sisters and some neighbors' children to play. Opposite the block was the "Cutts House," and attached to this was an orchard which was near the river side. Into this orchard which was near the river the children went, and as it was in the pleasant month of May when the flowers were beginning to appear, and the butterflies attracted the attention of the little ones, the time passed pleasantly. But soon the bell rang for dinner, and the children started for home, John in company with one of his sisters walking behind. As they came slowly along, he stopped behind his companion to pluck some flowers, and while he stopped his sister kept on slowly towards the house, but finding that John did not overtake her, she went back, but not seeing him, supposed that he was with his other brothers, she therefore turned again and went home. As she came to the house, Mr. Johnson asked her where John was, and she replied that he was with Samuel, an older brother. But just then Samuel came up to the house, and John was not with him, and the father, feeling somewhat anxious as the orchard was near the river, hastened out into it to look for the child. He passed quickly over the plot of ground, but not seeing anything of him, hurried back to the house, thinking that he might have got home while he had been gone, but he did not find him there.

He again started off to inquire if any one had seen a small child; one woman on "Poor Island" or Water Street, said she saw him going along in the orchard toward the Factory Island Bridge. The father went into the orchard again, and searching along upon the ground he noticed his foot-prints in some soft clay, where he had passed along in the direction of the bridge referred to, but these prints were for only a short distance, where the ground had been thrown up by the frost in the spring. Thinking that he had crossed the bridge and gone into Saco, he passed over, and as he left the bridge, he noticed a small child up by the tavern, and feeling pretty confident that it was his, he

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hurried along and soon came up with him, but found that it was not. He turned, and with quickened steps recrossed the bridge and kept in the road around to Gooch Island, and went around to Capt. White's, and crossing the bridge, went toward his home. In almost a frantic condition he approached the house, and meeting many of his neighbors on his way who had joined in the search over the island, he found that they had all been unsuccessful. The mother, who had been sick for some time past, as soon as she heard that her child was lost, left her sick room, and nerved with unusual strength, had joined the neighbors in the search, and when the father reached his home, the mother was in the orchard looking in vain for her boy. He hastened to meet her, and as he approached with some little hope, the mother asked if her boy had been found.

Pen fails to tell the sorrowful meeting of the parents there! What a change in their feelings had a few minutes made! But a short time before the mother looked from her window and beheld "little Johnny," as they called him, sporting with his companions, gathering flowers, chasing the butterfly, and playing with his brothers. She had looked with pride upon her laughing boy, but where was he now? No one knew, and strange to record it, in noonday that little child had wandered off, and no one had taken any notice of him.

The parents returned to their home, but the dinner-table stood in the floor, no one sat around it, for not one of the family felt like eating. The little tin plate for Johnny was in its accustomed place, his little chair was standing by the table, but the form that occupied it was gone.

The afternoon was spent in searching the two villages; the neighbors joined in, and by night the places were pretty thoroughly searched, but no trace nor tidings of the little one were found, and as the shadows of night began to gather over the earth and the stars began to glitter in the heavens, the father with a heavy heart made his way homeward. No one but him who has passed through a similar scene can tell the agony of the father; feeling almost confident and assuring his wife as he left the house to continue the search in the afternoon, that he had no doubt but what the child would be found, he was now returning to bear the sorrowful tidings to her that his search had been unsuccessful.

It was with lingering steps that he approached his home, now made desolate, for the thought that occupied his mind was --- how could he tell his wife? But nerving himself to the task, he approached the house, and entered.

It was a solemn group that met his gaze, and they were anxiously awaiting his coming, but the wife read in the husband's face that the search had been fruitless, and now, with her, all hope was gone. The tears had long since ceased to flow, for the fountain had been exhausted, and now the broken sigh and the heaving bosom told too well the grief of the mother. The husband silently seated himself with the group, whilst the wife who had for months previous to this sad occurrence, been confined to a sick room, was walking the floor, and wringing her hands, and in wild tones of anguish asking for her child. At times the lost one's cap as it hung on the nail and his little frock beside it caught her notice; she would stop and gaze in silence at them, and

then would continue her walking, and thus until nature was exhausted, and the mother overcome, she would sink into her chair and fall to sleep. But her sleep was not sweet, for shortly with a quick start she would arouse up and ask for her boy, and then looking around upon the group, the stern reality would burst upon her. "Oh!", said she, "if he could have only died within my sight; if I could have seen those eyes, once so bright, closed in death; if I could have looked upon his glowing cheeks, and have seen them grow pale 'neath the hand of disease; if a burning fever had brought him low, and I could have stood beside his bed, and bathed his fevered brow; if I could have seen his form laid in the coffin, and followed him to the grave, and heard the clods of earth as they fell upon the coffin that enclosed him, it would have been a pleasure, yes, happiness, compared to this." Thus the long night was passed, and it would be useless to attempt to tell the wretchedness of the parents at the loss of their child, for at times they imagined that he might be in a starving condition in the woods, when they had food enough at home; and by this and many other thoughts which would naturally arise, they were in trouble and sorrow. But the night passed away slowly, and morning came. The river had been searched the day before. Upon the west bank of the Saco River there was a flume or water-course, about fifteen feet wide, and built up at both sides with plank; this was to carry a saw-mill that was situated then just below the fall upon the island bank, and it was the opinion of many that the body of the child had been carried down the water course, and over the dam, as this was in the spring of the year and the water was pretty high, down amongst the wood, stumps, and rubbish that had collected near the mill. Mr. Johnson saw the boatmen below the falls, and asked them to look upon the sides of the river as they passed up and down, but nothing was discovered by them. The ninth day after the loss, as it is a well known fact that bodies, after remaining in the water a few days, will rise upon the surface, owing to a decomposition that takes place and the generating of gas in the system, which makes the body lighter than water, and it therefore floats upon the surface, ---- Mr. Johnson, in company with another person, went below the falls in hopes that they might find the body. They passed down on one side of the river, and came up on the other, going as far down as the ferry, without discovering any appearance or signs of the body, and towards night they discontinued the search and returned home. Mr. Johnson's belief was now strengthened that the child had passed down the flume before referred to, and that the body was without much doubt near the saw-mill. There was a net-work of logs built in front of the mill upon which the boards were run out after they were sawed from the logs, and between these logs were passages large enough for a man to go through, and through these the father went many times to search, when the water became low in the summer months. This search he continued as often as once a week, piling over stumps and slabs, and digging over saw-dust until it had all been completely overhauled, without any signs of the body. All prospects of ever finding the body of the child were now entirely gone, and both father and mother gave up all expectations of ever seeing him again, and time that wears away the greatest grief, and softens the hardest misfortunes in life, conquered in some degree the bitter sorrow of the parents, and believing that He who gave can also take away, they yielded in some measure to this sorrowful dispensation of God's providence. But years afterwards the parents would often times think of their loss, and sometimes the idea would cross their minds that their child might have been stolen by the whites, but never except upon one occasion that we shall refer to soon, did they think that the child had been stolen by

the Indians. The child was lost in May, and as the place that the family lived in now, was constantly bringing to their notice the loss of their little one, ---as the orchard and river were in full view from the house, they moved the following September into "Hayes' Block" on the Island, where they might forget in some degree their past misfortune. Mr. Johnson lived there about three years, and then moved to Biddleford, occupying a house on Water Street, and after a few years moved to the "Pierson House," near the bridge.

The mother was in a weak state when her child was lost, and the sad bereavement, combined with disease, wore upon her weak frame until at last she died some five years after the loss of her boy.

Whilst Mr. Johnson was living in the "Pierson House," he worked for the York Company, and being somewhat out of health, he was asked by a man named Marshall who worked there, to go with him and a young man named Adams to his house, and that he would mesmerize Adams who would tell him the nature of his disease. They all went to Marshall's house, and Marshall there mesmerized Adams, and then gave Mr. Johnson liberty to ask such questions in regard to his disease as he wished.

Johnson asked him many questions, and receiving answers in regard to his complaints that satisfied him, Marshall told him that if there were any other questions that he wished to ask Adams, he had the privilege of doing so. Mr. Johnson, who at all times remembered his loss, asked him how many children he had in 1833, and Adams answered that he had five children. He then asked the number of children he had now. Adams replied that he had four. Johnson asked if there was not another, and Adams replied that he could not see any more. He was then asked if he could not find another. Adams replied that he would try, and after a lapse of some fifteen minutes, he replied suddenly, "I have found him; he is with the Canada Indians, * and is alive and well". This assertion of Adams, improbable as it appeared, had some weight upon the parents, although when the facts were looked over they had not much doubt but that the child was dead. We do not insert this incident as a proof of the truth of spiritualism, or to augment the numbers who believe in it, but only as a fact, one of those mysterious occurrences that sometimes take place that we cannot either fathom or understand, but which defies the mind of man, and proves that of a greater to whom are known all the mysteries and hidden things of earth.

* This incident, strange as it may appear, is a fact that is substantiated by Mr. Johnson, the father of the lost child, and by Mr. Marshall, who, at the present time, is a trader in the "stone store," Pepperell Square, Saco. Adams never heard, as far as Johnson knew, of his loss or anything in regard to his family.

Chapter II

We shall pass over an interval of a year and a half, as the first recollections that young Johnson had was in the year 1834, and we shall also give the remainder of the narrative in the person of the subject himself.

The first recollection I have was in the winter of 1834, as near as I can judge. I was with the Micmac Indians, and crying for bread, but as this tribe was engaged in hunting upon the "Great Hunting Ground," near Halifax, N. S., and they lived principally upon meat, I spent my breath for nothing. I recollect the following winter of being with the same tribe, and at play with the Indian children at a game called "snow snakes." The "snake," so called, is a piece of maple some two feet in length, about four inches wide, and like a sled runner, being flat and turned up at one end.

The children would dig out a very narrow path in the snow, upon some hill side, quite long, and then standing at the top set the "snakes" down, and let them run down the path; sometimes they would jump out at the side of the path into the snow, other times stop, and ones behind would often jump over them and bound on. The owner of the "snake" that went the greatest distance in the path would be entitled to the others. This little game I have played many hours, oftentimes barefooted, as they would take away my moccasins to keep me in, and when my feet were cold I would run into the camp, and put them into the ashes near the fire which would make them smart badly, and when warmed, run out again to resume my play. This tribe told me that my father was an Indian, and my mother a white woman, and that they were both dead, and when told this an in distinct recollection would oftentimes flit across my memory of a pale-faced woman standing over me, and at other times a little prayer that I was wont to repeat at my home would crowd itself upon my memory, but yet I could not remember a word of it; but nothing more than these did I remember. The spring following I remember of using the bow and arrow, and so expert had I become that I killed a partridge, a kind called spruce, or black partridge, which in that section of the country were very tame. I was so pleased with my exploit that I seized the bird and wrung his head off. This little adventure with the bow I remember very distinctly, and the feat is not uncommon with the Indian boys. Being used to exercise their limbs more than white children, and to accustom themselves to recreation in the open air, their strength becomes developed at an earlier age. I have known small Indian boys, not more than five years of age, to shoot with their bows and arrows, rabbits and other small game. At this time the tribe was near the great lakes north of Halifax, and I remember of going in the spring with the Indians in the night to spear salmon, in the rapids that connect the lakes together; they wanted me to tend the torch that is usually placed in the bow of the canoe.

Their canoes were made of birch bark and lined with fir and sometimes ash. These canoes are very light, and to manage them requires great skill and experience, for a small weight upon either side inclines them over, and oftentimes in the rapids when spearing salmon, the Indian who handles the spear loses his balance, and is precipitated into the water, overturning the canoe, putting out the light of the torch, and endangering their lives. They head the the canoe up stream, and while one tends the torch, another uses the spear,

with baskets, pails, and fancy articles, and harnessing in a couple of dogs, I would go and sell them in the white settlements, starting early in the morning, and be gone until night, when I would hurry back to the camp. This tribe used to make something at repairing tubs, &c., and they also made some very nice fancy boxes out of porcupine quills, dyed different colors. I shall always remember the kindness of the white lady, although I do not know her name; she gave me a small primer in which I learned my letters, and I remember that she was very patient and forbearing with me in her efforts to learn me to read, and I was very reluctant when spring came to leave the place where I had found such a kind friend. But the Indian life is one of change, and from spring until snow comes, they are roving from place to place, rarely stopping more than a week, and not often that, in one place. The most of the summer is spent in hunting, fishing, and trapping, and when winter comes, they pitch upon some good place to hunt, or upon the edge of some settlement where they make baskets, and thus pass the winter. In the hot summer nights the Indians often hunt moose as they assemble in the water upon the edge of some lake to get rid of the flies, and when thus situated the hunters paddle in their canoes, keeping to the leeward of them, and when near enough shoot them down.

The tribe the following winter stopped at an Indian village called Aristigooch, which is near Pictou, and I remember of going to the Catholic Church, which was built of stone, with the Indians. I carried my little primer given me by the white lady, the first time I went, and the priest seeing it, took it away from me, and boxed my ears, saying that I had no business with such a book as that, for I might learn to read, and then in all probability I should become a Protestant, and if I died in that belief I should be miserable forever. I could have borne having my ears boxed very well, but to have the little primer that the lady gave me, the only memento I had to remember her by, taken away, was too much, and the tears flowed down my cheeks and aroused my indignation, and I wished that I was a man that I might punish him for his treatment to me.

The impressions of childhood are very often lasting, and a striking incident taking place in early life, will oftentimes be fixed upon the memory forever; and some little event in youth will also often affect the future history of a person. The little occurrence with the Catholic priest, trifling as it may appear, had a deep, a lasting impression upon my mind, which did not wear off, but rather only increased as years rolled away; time only deepened the breach, and age widened it. It made me bitter against Catholicism, and I can trace my present dislike back to that little affair with the priest; it commenced then a little dislike, until it has grown into a hatred of their forms and ceremonies, and a contempt for their heartless, unfeeling conduct toward their people, withholding from them, as they do, the great advantages of life, that they may retain their power and exercise their authority over them, and thus keep them in ignorance and superstition.

Chapter III

The Indian family that I lived with in the winter of 1840 belonged to the Micmac tribe, and the man's name was James Paul. He was a kind man when himself, but he was accustomed to drink whisky, and when under its influence he was savage and cruel, and many times has he driven his wife and myself from the camp to pass the night in the woods. The spring following, part of the tribe went in canoes to Prince Edward's Island, which place is a great resort for fishing vessels, and is therefore a good trading place for the Indians, who dispose of baskets, furs, and fancy articles that they manufacture to the sailors.

The company that I was with, stopped at the island all the summer and part of the fall, and then went to Mirimichi's bay, which is on the coast of New Brunswick. The company stopped there through the winter months, making baskets, coopering, hunting, etc. They travelled from this place in the spring to Londonderry, which is at the head of the Bay of Fundy, going the distance by land and water, camping as they went along.

At times we encamped upon the side of some beautiful lake, whose placid waters, under the bright and full light of the moon, shone like a sheet of silver before us, sparkling and glistening under its beams, until the existence of the lake was forgotten by the beholder, and all that attracted the gaze or absorbed the attention was the fantastic dancing of the silver light before us. Anon a gentle breeze sweeps silently across the waters, ruffling the bosom of the lake, and causing belts of silver light in continuous lines to extend from the shore as far as the eye could discern in the distance; but ever varying, this would last but for a moment, when the scene would change, and the lines part, and light intermingled with light, until it softened down into one broad expanse and mingled together, and the broad lake would be covered entire with its silver coat again, to be broken by the playful winds that swept across the surface.

As this beautiful scene was stretched before us, there was another, perhaps not so beautiful but equally grand and majestic, lay behind our camps; the forest with its openings here and there, through which the rays of moonlight entered, lighting up as if with a thousand torches the wood, displaying a scene of marvelous grandeur; reflecting in somber hue the massive trunks of the forest pines, and making the dark avenues of the forest seem still more dark and gloomy, as it stood in contrast with the bright spots around it. At times a dark cloud would pass through the heavens extinguishing the light of the moon, and so changing the forest scene that naught could be seen but a gloomy belt of darkness extending around upon every side. At other times we encamped upon the side of some river, where the dark cliffs arrayed their craggy peaks, presenting an insurmountable front behind us, and the river rolled sluggishly along in front. At one time as we were thus encamped, the heavens were enshrouded in darkness, and in the distance was heard the advancing storm. The low moaning wind increasing in its mutterings as it approached, until it seemed to tower in the mountain top, and gathering there its united force it broke in awful fury upon us.

The glare of the lightning and the harsh thunder appeared to come from the mountain top, commencing with a low, rumbling sound, and seeming to roll

and a third sits in the stern and paddles the canoe.

The spear is about a dozen feet in length with a small round pointed piece of iron about six inches in length driven into the end. Just above where the iron is inserted is fastened by strings a piece of wood, narrow and thin, in the shape of a horse-shoe, called "jaws." This is fastened on the pole so that each side of the jaws extends in the form of an arch nearly to the end of the iron in the end. The Indian strikes the salmon upon the back, and the iron enters the vertebrae, and the jaws which are rather pliable, open, and the fish is caught between them; the spear is then drawn quickly up, and struck upon the inside of the boat, and the fish drops off. I have sometimes seen the canoe filled with salmon speared in this manner, so that we had quite a load when we returned.

My next recollections are of scenes that occurred the following winter, 1836-7, when I was with another tribe (whether taken or sold, I do not know), called Wabanauke, which tribe inhabited British America.

At the time of my remembrance they were traveling on sledges drawn by dogs upon the snow, and we had great quantities of furs, which were collected in the winter. In the following spring, we visited some trading stations, and disposed of our winter's work, or exchanged for food, bread, tobacco, and whisky, which they thought was the most valuable of all. We lived principally upon animal food, with fish, and sometimes a scanty supply of bread. In the spring and summer following, I remember that we traveled much upon lakes and rivers, sometimes fishing, trapping, and occasionally shooting bears, sometimes upon land, and at other times chasing them with canoes in the water.

I remember that the tribe went north upon the Labrador Coast, and that they had a skirmish with some sailors, and that one of our number was killed in the engagement; they buried him in the snow, covering him over with stones, and throwing snow upon the top. I think that at this time I might have been with the Esquimaux Indians, as we lived in a stone hut, a kind of one that they usually inhabit, lined with moss, and in the top a hole for the smoke to go out. This hut was a very comfortable one, much more so than many that I have since lived in. To get into it we had to crawl some distance through a narrow passage.

In the winter of 1837 I was with the Wabanauke tribe. They were engaged in hunting moose and other game, and that winter they secured quite a stock of furs, and the next spring they built canoes and went down rivers and crossed lakes, until they came to settlements of whites, where they disposed of their furs, or exchanged them for cloths, provisions, ammunition, and other necessary articles.

In 1840 I lived with an Indian and his squaw, and called them father and mother, and they belonged to the Micmac tribe. I think they told me the same story in regard to my parents that the former Indians had. This Indian had no children, and the place where we were camping was near Amherst, N. S. I used to leave the camp, and go to the houses of the whites, and play with children, and at one house that I used to go to daily to get milk, there was a white lady, who took quite an interest in me, and taught me the letters of the alphabet. I had quite a privilege while I was with these Indians, for I went over to this lady's house, and studied the alphabet, and while stopping there I learned to read a little. Some days the Indians would load up a sled

down increasing in its power and force, until it seemed as if it was about to crush our tents, and smite us to the ground.

The river now came roaring on, and this with the deep-toned thunder and the howling wind in one united power, made the night frightful. The wind rushed on madly, sweeping in its progress our tents, and rocking the forest trees, whilst some were prostrated before its powerful force. The rain came down in torrents, and the river seemed to gather new strength, and bounded on with redoubled speed, foaming and roaring as it swept by a few rods in front of our tents. The elements seemed to be at war one with another, for above the fire flashed from the heavens, followed by the sharp crackling thunder, the wind in suppressed tones was heard in the distance as if some armies were rushing to a contest, but as it approached nearer the ground seemed to tremble, and soon it appeared to meet in contest over our heads, where the battle fiercely raged, until one yielded, and it passed on, its low mutterings being lost in the distance. The rain drops came gently at first, like the soft pattering of leaves before the autumnal wind, but as it approached it increased to chord with the other elements, until the fountains above seemed broken, and sheet after sheet the water came from the heavens. Thus in wild confusion and fearful power the elements blended together on that dreadful night, our tents were laid flat, and ourselves drenched with water.

In the year 1843, I had lived with Paul about two years, and had been used so badly that I was determined that the first chance that I had I would run away. An opportunity soon presented itself, for one night when Paul was under the influence of liquor, and in an excited state, he pulled down the tent, and his wife took refuge in a neighboring house, as we were not with the tribe. I ran and hid myself in the woods until about midnight, when I went towards the tent, where I found Paul asleep. I thought that this was a good opportunity to escape, and I started off for Truro, which was about thirty miles distant. I traveled that night upon the road, keeping upon the alert, fearing that Paul might miss, and start after me.

I arrived at the close of the first day at a town called Onslow, and stopped there that night, and thought some of remaining, but as it was near my old master, I feared that he might find me, and therefore determined to push on. The next day I kept on the road, and at noon arrived at Truro, and succeeded in getting a place to work at a tavern, and pay my board. I stopped in this place about one month, but as there were no Indians in the vicinity, and having long been accustomed to their kind of living, and to exercise in the open air, I was dissatisfied with my situation, and made up my mind to go to Halifax, about 70 miles distant, where there were Indians encamped. I therefore started off one morning and went as far as Brookfield, where, in a tavern, I did some chores, brought water, etc., and got my meals and lodging.

While there I fell in with a boy who said he had run away from Truro, and was going to Halifax. The second day he started with me, and we went as far as Lower Stewiac, about a dozen miles from Brookfield. The tavern where we stopped, was a stage depot, and we assisted in watering the horses, bringing wood, and other errands, and got our lodgings. Whilst stopping there I saw a negro boy in the kitchen where my companion and myself were peeling potatoes, and as I had never been so near a negro before, I said to my companion, "How his eyes glisten." The negro boy said with a scowling look, "Be gorry'. I'll make your eyes glisten." This remark frightened me as he was somewhat larger

than I was and looked pretty savage, and after that I was very cautious about expressing my thoughts while I was in his company, and the expression of his face I can remember to this day.

The next morning my companion turned back, but I kept on my way toward Halifax, and at night I arrived at Dartmouth upon the Chebucto Bay, and upon the other side of the Bay was Halifax. Hearing that there were Indians, I went to the place where they were camped, and fell in with an Indian doctor named Tomah, and who had quite a large family, having sons and daughters married, who with their children were living with him, making in all, with myself, thirty in number. I stopped with this Indian about a week, gathering roots and herbs, and then I went with the family to Digby, N. S., where we remained about two months, the doctor practicing medicine, some making baskets, and others gunning and fishing. We caught while here plenty of codfish and mackerel, and had also some fine sport shooting porpoises.

From this place we went to Annapolis, a seaport near Halifax, where we stopped two or three months selling baskets and other fancy articles that we had made, and then went to a place called "Old Barns," on the Bay of Fundy. At this place we had fine times fishing and hunting, but as winter was approaching, the family began to think of pitching upon some place for winter quarters. We went to Brookfield where we pitched our camp in a grove of rock maples, and while building our camp, the owner of the grove came to us, and ordered us away, but finding that there were quite a number of us, and that we intended to remain, he, after some considerable talking, went away. We built an excellent camp here, which was forty feet in diameter. We cut first six long spruce poles, and stacked them together in the form of a cone, tying the top ends, and allowing the other ends to be about twenty feet from each other in the form of a circle. Between these poles we placed numerous smaller ones, running both ways, and upon these poles we placed our strips of birch bark, each piece nicely lapping over others, and neatly stitched together with spruce roots. These were tied to the poles, and when thus covered, it was perfectly tight, excepting a hole in the top through which the smoke passed. The fire was built in the middle of the tent, around which when very cold, we would all gather, and pass the time very comfortably.

The Indian that I was with used me very well, and I was allowed to go to school, but as it was some four miles distant from the camp, and as this was in the winter time, when it was rather bad traveling, I could not get there on an average more than three times a week. The family that I was with had twelve large dogs, that did all their teaming, as they could haul a load of twelve hundred pounds easily, but we rarely harnessed more than six at a time, when we went to the store. It was about twelve miles distant, and we usually went the distance in two hours, taking a load of five or six hundred pounds.

One day I went with some of the family to Truro, and while stopping at a tavern there, I had my bow and arrow with me, and as I was standing at the tavern door the keeper asked me what I could shoot. "I can shoot," said I, "one of those geese in the yard," as there were quite a number, some fifty or seventy-five feet distant. "Well," said the keeper, "my little fellow, if you will knock over one of those geese by striking him in the eye with the head

of your arrow, the goose is yours." I agreed to the proposition, and taking aim at one of the largest of the flock, let an arrow fly, and the point of it struck the goose fairly in the eye, and knocked him over. I ran and picked him up and was going off, when the keeper started after me to take it, but finding that a number who had gathered around were in my favor, and said that if he took the goose they would take it from him and give it to me, he came to the conclusion that "discretion was the better part of valor," and left the field, whilst I marched off, feeling rather proud of my game.

We moved from Truro to Pictou, and from thence we went to Aristigooch, and then to Ishcomich, an Indian village.

In the winter we camped in Pictou, trading and manufacturing different kinds of baskets, which we sold to the whites.

In the spring we camped on the John's river, where we caught shad, alewives, smelts, and other fish, and traded off quite a number of baskets. We next went to a town named Wallace, stopping there all the summer, where we hunted, fished, and manufactured baskets. In 1846 we stopped at Cape Breton Island all the winter, most of the time making baskets, and porcupine quill boxes; the fancy quill boxes are very pretty, and make a beautiful ornament, and sell from one to fifteen dollars. We had some fine times while in this place, hunting moose, shooting quite a number.

The spring following we went to the "Gut of Canso," where the fishermen put in to get provisions, where we disposed of quite an amount of our winter's work. We stopped all the summer and late in the fall, trading with the fishermen, and then we went in our birch canoes around to Halifax, and camped near Halifax Hill, there making baskets and quill work. I had at this time some money that I had saved up, as I had been pretty busy the last few winters making and selling work. I had been more saving of my money than many of the company, who only prized their money for the time being. What money I had I expended for baskets and fancy work, which I bought of the Indians; besides this I had a number of things given to me, and packing them up, I went with a nephew of Tomah's to Boston, taking the steamer, and arriving there in March, 1847.

After arriving there, we went off and got us a boarding house, and had our things moved to it, and commenced to sell out our stock by standing upon the Common, and selling to passers by, and at other times going from house to house. I have been very rudely treated at some places, having the door shut in my face, a very polite way some people have of ridding themselves of intruders, as they think all persons are, who call at their habitation to dispose of anything.

Chapter IV

The man that I came to Boston with was a fast young man, who looked upon money in no higher light than what habits or passions it might gratify; and as I had not accustomed myself to many of the habits which a large portion of the Indians and which my associate had, he was not a very congenial companion. We boarded together, and our things were packed together. We had been in Boston but a short time, when the young man finding that he had some money, and that he was doing pretty well, thought he must have a little enjoyment, therefore one day he hired a team, and taking a lady with him, went to ride out to Roxbury. But having imbibed too freely of "fire-water" to manage the horse with skill, he drove him into a carriage, which frightened the animal, and he started off at a fearful rate, but the carriage striking a team, it was overturned, and the occupants thrown out. The horse, disengaging himself from the vehicle, ran back to the stable, whilst the lady was carried home in a hack. I was acquainted with the hackman that carried the lady home, and meeting him upon the street, he told me the circumstance, and finding that the carriage and the horse were both damaged, and that the young man would have quite a bill to settle, I hurried to my boarding-house and selecting out my share of the baskets, and settling my bill at the boarding house, I went to New Bedford, Mass. I did not start any too soon, for an officer came as soon as I left, and carried away the remaining articles belonging to the young man.

I stopped at New Bedford a few days, and sold some of my baskets, and then went to Fall River, Mass., and from there to Providence, R. I., where I stopped about a week, and then went to New York, where I disposed of the balance of my stock. The quill boxes that I carried would pack very snug, one inside of another, so that I had some five or six hundred dollars' worth of goods, about three-quarters of which amount was my own.

From New York I took the steamer for Halifax, having been gone about two months. I stopped at Halifax, N. S., a few months, and then as Tomah and his family had a great amount of fancy work, some twenty of us left for New York arriving there about the first of August. In New York we hired a tenement, as there were quite a number of us, and leaving the children at home, the older ones went out and sold baskets and boxes. We sold out about one-half of our stock while here, and purchasing four horses and two large express wagons, we packed up our goods, and started for Philadelphia, Penn., camping out as we went along. After arriving there we bought some cloth and made us some tents, and after securing a place, we set them up, and some of us manufactured baskets, while others sold them. This was the first time that I had lived in a cloth tent, and I found it much inferior to the other tents that I had lived in, for when it rained hard, the water would soak through, making it very uncomfortable. We stopped here about three months, manufacturing and selling baskets, and then we started for Springfield, Mass., camping out upon the sides of the road as we went along. At Springfield we camped out all winter in a place called "Pine Woods," where we built a shed for our horses, and put up our cloth tents, boarding them up at the sides, which made them quite comfortable.

We made and sold many baskets while here, and in the spring we went to Bristol, R. I., remaining there two weeks, and then went to Newport, R. I., where we stopped all the summer. As this is a great summer resort, we did very well, making fancy baskets and other small articles, and disposing of them to the boarders at the taverns. The Indian boys here also made many an "honest penny" by shooting at money. We next went to New Bedford, Mass., where we put up our tent, and stopped all the summer pursuing our usual routine of business. We camped near the depot while here, and were troubled exceedingly with drunken sailors, who would come to our tent with the intention of provoking us, and getting into a quarrel, but we did not while here get into any trouble with them. We went next to Roxbury, Mass., camping back of the Catholic Church, by the consent of the priest, who are generally pretty accommodating to the Indians, knowing that they are mostly Catholics, and that they can pick considerable money out of them. We stopped here but two weeks, as we were troubled by the Irish so much that we could not eat or sleep, as our tents were surrounded by quite a number of them at all times, and we then moved to Boston, and pitched our tent upon the Common, where we sold many baskets, and made something shooting at money. We next went to Lowell, Mass., and camped on "Pine Hill," where we made up a great many baskets. While here we were troubled greatly with Irish. Very often they would cut our tents, and in various ways endeavor to provoke a quarrel.

In the fall we went to Boston, and hired a house in Endicott St., where we stopped all the winter, Tomah practicing medicine, and others making baskets and selling. The company did well while here, and made considerable money, but as for myself, I fared rather poorly, for when Tomah and his family left Halifax for New York, I lent them what money I had, as the fares for the company with their bill for baggage amounted to some five or six hundred dollars. I did not have very good clothes, and no spending money, although I had to work quite hard in making and selling baskets.

Whilst brooding over my hard life one day as I was passing down Washington St., I met an Indian who accosted me, and asked me if I had ever traveled with a company giving entertainments. I told him I had never traveled with any company, but had often danced for the amusement of the people. He said that he would give me a chance, and would pay my fare to New York, where we should hear in regard to the rest of the company. Thinking that I could better my condition, I left Tomah without his knowledge, leaving what things I had behind, and went to New York, in company with the Indian called Frank Loring. When we arrived at New York, Loring found a letter for him there from Oldtown, Me., where he had written to obtain some actors. He received word that there were some Indians belonging to a company that had just arrived there, and that if he wished to secure them, he had better come immediately.

We therefore both started for Oldtown, and arriving there saw the Indians and procured their services, and also secured some dresses and outfit. We also purchased a couple of young bears, that were put under my care; they were about a year old, and were pretty tame. They were put in a car for Bangor, and after arriving there, were put on the top of a load of goods to carry to the boat bound for Boston. They were fastened upon the top of the goods by a chain, fastened to a collar that went around their necks, and the end of the

chain fastened to the load. One of these bears was very uneasy, and would jump from the top of the load and hang by the neck, which was exceedingly provoking. I got somewhat displeased with his proceedings, as I had put him back a number of times, and I therefore took him into the road and gave him one or two good kicks, which made him growl rather fiercely. There was a gentleman passing at that time, who was somewhat afraid of "Bruin," and he said that I had better be careful. I turned to speak to the person, and as soon as my back was toward the bear he struck with his paw, tearing my pants, and scratching my leg rather badly. I put the bear on the load again, and hurried to the boat, where I attended to my wound which was not so bad as I at first anticipated, although one of my moccasins was nearly full of blood.

These two bears were unlike each other in their dispositions; one, the male, was very kind and gentle, and behaved with great credit to himself; the other was just the contrary; when whipped she would crouch at my feet and appear very penitent, but the moment my back was turned, she would bound savagely at me, and endeavor to strike with her paws, but I was very careful to be beyond her reach before I turned my back upon her. I had the control of these two bears, and after taking the care of them a short time, they would allow no one else to come near, and quite a friendly feeling sprang up between us, especially between the male and myself, as he was exceedingly fond of me. The female never got over her snappishness, and whenever near her, I had to be on the alert, for the instant that my eye was off from her she would strike with her paw.

As soon as we arrived at New York, we commenced to travel. The proprietor's name was Horn, and Loring acted as agent for the company, there being twelve of us in number. Our tent would accommodate some three thousand, having a stage and curtain at one end, where we performed.

We were performing one day in Wilmington, Del., when our seats broke down, but fortunately not killing any person, nor seriously injuring any, but frightening the whole audience. The moment after the seats broke down the people made a rush towards the stage, intending to mob or frighten us. "Big Frank," as Loring was called, who stood six feet and a half in his stockings, had just finished his part in a play wherein he represented an Indian warrior, and therefore was dressed in full costume. When the crash was heard by him he was in the act of taking out some dresses to perform the part of Captain John Smith in the play of Pocahontas. Hearing the tumult, and the noisy crowd crying, "Put them out," he came upon the stage, the rest of the company following him, and asked the audience to make a passage for him and the company, to the door. "Big Frank" was finely formed, and of massive proportions, which gave indications of herculean strength, and being painted in Indian style, he looked extremely savage, while the tall black plumes in his head-dress gave him the appearance of being somewhat taller than he really was. The audience were rather awed by his formidable appearance, as he carried a huge sword in his hand. But the crowd behind pressed upon those before them, and thus forced they came pressing madly on around the stage. At this point of the proceedings I came upon the stage, leading my two favorites, one on each side of me. The two bears I led around the sides of the stage, and not being accustomed to have the audience so near, they growled rather savagely, which cowed the front ranks, and they began to fall back. "Big Frank," taking advantage of the falling back of the crowd, sprang upon a seat in front and

demanded them to open a passage. The audience swayed to the right and left, and he passed on, followed by the others who were all well armed. As the leader passed on, and the others came along, the audience seemed disposed to gather a little closer, but I followed in the rear, leading my two bears, one on either side, who growled fiercely at the noisy demonstrations. As they did not wish to be embraced by the natives of the forest, as they would be likely to hug rather closer than would be agreeable, they very wisely fell back, and we passed safely out. We reached the street, and as soon as we were out, the audience quickly followed us. The tent was soon cleared out, and we went back and repaired the seats, and, opening the door, we soon had our house full, and gave another entertainment without any trouble.

After traveling with this company a few months, it began to run down, and as we, the actors, could not get our pay, the proprietor proposed that we should take stock in the concern. I was to receive two dollars a day and traveling expenses, and as the company was owing me some considerable, I took the young bears, as I was the only one that could take charge of them. The bears were set off to me for forty dollars, and after traveling a short time longer, as I did not get my pay, I took a horse from the concern for seventy dollars.

The company still continued to run down, and having an opportunity to dispose of my bears, I sold them for one hundred and fifty dollars, and my horse for sixty, and then left the company. My bears, which I parted with rather reluctantly, were afterwards sold for a much larger amount, and are now, I believe, with Howe's caravan in England.

I had traveled some through the country, and al though there were some pleasant features in this kind of life, yet the persons that made up the company, and make up most of these traveling companies, were ones who indulged more or less in intoxicating drinks, and were, therefore, not the persons that I should have chosen for companions. I had not been accustomed to indulge in this habit, and, therefore, as I did not join in all of the "frolics" that they had, I was set down as a mean fellow, and looked upon in a rather contemptuous light by them. I was therefore glad when an opportunity presented itself for me to take myself out of the way, although there were some noble-hearted, generous persons among them, with whom I have passed many a pleasant hour.

Chapter V

I left the company near Albany, N. Y., and went to Boston, Mass., where I remained about a month, and then went to Lowell, where I hired out with an Indian doctor, named Cooley. I had been with him but a short time, when an Indian company came along, giving entertainments, and I engaged to travel with them upon shares. The first place that we went to, was Lowell, where we gave a few entertainments; but as our dresses were rather poor, and properties in not very good order, we camped out and commenced to make baskets, intending to get some money in this way and then recruit up. After getting some, we bought us some dresses, and having replenished our scenes, &c., we went to Nashua, N. H., then to Manchester, Concord, and through parts of Vermont and Massachusetts, and then through some of the larger places in Maine.

In Dover, N. H., we hired out to a man named Chase, and agreed to travel with him through Maine, he paying our expenses, and the company so much a night. He left us in Readfield between two days, owing all of the company more or less, and also leaving us to settle our bills at the tavern where we were then stopping. I settled my proportion of the bill, which took all the money I had, and then walked to Bangor, where there were some Indians. I lived here with an Indian called "Bangor Police," and traveled with his family all summer, making baskets and getting ash to make them of. We went to the villages on the Penobscot, selling baskets, and camping out as we went along; and in the summer months we camped at Woolwich until fall, and while here built a canoe, and then went to Phippsburg. The family remained here a short time, and then went away, leaving myself and another young man behind. We remained a short time in this place, chopping wood, gunning and fishing, and making baskets.

The spring following, 1852, I worked a short time in a saw-mill, at a place called "Parker's Head;" and also went three trips at sea, coasting. The first trip we were loaded with lumber, bound to Portland, but so heavily was she loaded that it strained her timbers, causing our vessel to leak badly, and I was kept at the pumps all the time during our passage, which was a day and a half. We arrived at Portland, and laid at "Molasses Wharf," as it was then called, and while there our schooner, as the water ebbed, caught in the wharf, and was capsized and nearly filled with water. At low water we pumped her dry, and as the water rose, she floated, and we unloaded. One Sunday, the skipper and all hands, excepting myself, took the boat and went round to another wharf (as this wharf was fastened up on Sundays), and went ashore. I did not like the idea of remaining alone all day, and I therefore went out upon the wharf and clambered upon the top of a shed, and slid off into the street, a distance of ten to fifteen feet, bringing up rather suddenly. I went up into town, and after spending the day, went back, and got a sailor from another vessel to carry me around to the schooner, when I found the skipper and the men had returned and felt anxious about me. The captain, seeing me come rather coolly upon the deck began to show signs of making a "rumpus" at my leaving the schooner without liberty. "Here, you redskin, what do you mean by leaving this craft without orders?" he said, and at the same time caught up a billet of wood and hurled it at me. But he was not in a condition to throw it with much accuracy, and it came nearer striking another hand than me. Somewhat nettled, he started after me, saying that he would learn me better than to leave without orders, but was so far "over the bay," that, as he approached the gangway, he made a lee lurch and fell, measuring his length upon the deck.

The captain said nothing more to me after this, in regard to leaving the vessel. The day before we sailed, an Italian came on board with images of plaster to sell, and taking his load from his head, placed it upon a board on the deck. I was cutting wood at the time, and not noticing that the images were upon the board, in cutting a stick I jarred it, and broke a number of them. The Italian was angry, and began to jabber at me in his language, intermixing it with broken English.

"I will pay you for what I have broken," I said. But nothing that I could say or do satisfied him, and I ordered him to leave, and I approached within a dozen feet of him, when he drew a dirk from his side, and with a quick movement, and after their peculiar mode of handling a knife, threw it at me with great force. Though extremely skillful with a knife, as the most of them are, he did not make a successful throw, for the knife passed under my arm, and through my clothing, just drawing blood. The knife, or dirk, that he threw, had a short chain attached to the end of the handle, and to this chain was fastened a silken cord, and the end of this cord attached to his person. I seized and broke the cord, and he drew a similar one and threw that, but I sprang aside, and seized and broke the cord, and taking a small billet of wood, I demolished his images in a much shorter space of time than I am telling it, and was just about to damage his, when the crew hearing the noise upon deck, came running up from the cabin, and the Italian seeing them jumped upon the wharf, saying as he left, that he would send the police down, and make me pay for his images, but I saw no more of him.

We sailed the next day for Parker's Head, and as the most of the crew were in drink, we did not have a very pleasant passage. When sailing up to Parker's Head, the order to down sail was not given until rather late, as we had on a strong headway, and blowing fresh, and we went up to the wharf, as the saying is "fluking." The captain ordered me out on the bowsprit to "fend off," but finding that it would be entirely useless for me to attempt to stop her headway, when her bowsprit came over the wharf, I jumped off. The vessel went up with a crash, breaching the jib-boom and the bob-stay, and injuring the wharf and schooner somewhat. As soon as I jumped off, I ran up to my boarding-place, knowing that the captain would bluster and swear at me, leaving him and the crew to fix up things as best they could.

My next trip I went in a schooner loaded with lumber, bound for Boston. We had no sooner got under way than we experienced a heavy gale. When we first sailed we anticipated a pleasant trip, but we were soon disappointed, for we had not run many miles before signs of a storm were apparent. The first indication we had was a dead calm, our sails hung loosely to the rigging, and we were almost stationary in the water, but whilst thus the clouds began to gather in the heavens, and the waves in the distance we could see were capped with white.

The wind now could be heard moaning far off, but approaching toward us, and there was every indication of a severe gale. The captain gave orders to close reef and secure the hatches, and the order had not been more than carried out before the gale was upon us, but we were prepared.

The sky was now covered with black, murky clouds, and the wind piped dismally in our rigging, the sea seemed to change its color from a light to a dark, murky green, and heaved, and tossed, as though a volcano lay beneath its

surface. As the wind struck the vessel, it bore her swiftly though the water, continuing thus for some eight or ten hours. This was the first storm at sea that I had ever experienced, and I thought if I ever reached the land, that it would be my last. We were blown down by Cape Cod, as we found when it cleared off, and after a short time we reached Boston in safety, and unloaded our cargo. In going back we made a quick passage, as we were only about twelve hours.

Having made such a pleasant and quick trip back, I thought that I would go one more voyage, and I therefore went again with a load of saw-dust, bound for Boston. The crew consisted of the captain, a lame man, using two canes when he walked, and four boys besides myself. The first night we had a head wind, and it looking squally, we ran into Portland harbor, and anchored, remaining over night.

The wind blew fresh, and the yards were creaking, and the vessel pitching badly, when the captain hearing the noise, hurried up as fast as he could upon deck, and as it was very dark, he thought the vessel was adrift. He sang out for me, and in turning to go down the stairway, he missed a step, and fell head foremost, striking the stove, and making quite a confusion. Hearing the noise, and also the captain's voice, I hurried up on the deck, but finding that all was right, I went into the cabin, and after assisting the captain, who was slightly stunned, into his berth, I went to my quarters.

The next day as it was fair we set sail, and arrived at Boston, where we unloaded our cargo, and sailed for Parker's Head. Our mate having left in Boston, I was promoted to his situation. Our crew now only consisted of the captain and three besides myself. In the passage back we experienced quite a gale, and as we could not make a harbor we had to put off. We had two boys that were afraid to go aloft to furl the top-sail, and therefore the other boy and myself went up to furl it, but as it was blowing quite fresh, we found it impossible to effect anything. I told the young man that if he would promise not to say anything, I would furl the sail, and after he had promised, I took out my knife, and cut a small slit in the canvas. The wind finished the rest, for the small slit increased until it ran the whole length of the sail, and then a fierce blast finished it, and the wind soon tore it into fragments, and as we came down, the captain hailed me, saying, "Well, Johnny, have you furled it?"

"Yes," I replied, "the wind has furled it, for it has blown all to pieces."

The captain asked no questions about it, for the sail was an old one, and the story seemed probable. When I arrived back I gave up going to sea, as I did not fancy that kind of life. I came to the conclusion that if I was to roam over the world, if I was to roam over the world, if I was to travel here and there, I should prefer terra firma, upon whose firm foundation, I might travel without being subjected to the uncomfortable position of being lashed to a tree, in case a storm should arise. I did not like the idea of climbing aloft when the winds whistled, and the thunders muttered overhead, and the rain beat in my face, to take in sail, whilst the lee lurches of the vessel threatened to take out my foothold, and plunge me into the water beneath. But, above

all, I did not like to be caged up in a vessel. I had been so used to hunt in the woods, to glide over the lakes, and go wherever my fancy turned, that I could not give up these privileges, which I used to enjoy so much, and therefore with no reluctant feelings, I bade "old ocean" adieu!

I took the steamboat and went to Bath, and from there went to Boston, where I hired out with an Indian doctor, named Peters. I went with him to Nashua, N. H., where he was practicing, and stopped there a short time, but as he wished to do a larger business (although he was now doing well), we went to Boston, and took rooms at the American House, on Hanover street. We stopped here some six weeks, but as he did not do much business, we went to New Bedford, Mass., and stopped there all the summer, and part of the fall of 1852, doing very well. I used to make out his bills and collect them, and distribute his circulars, and also sold medicine for him. While here we had a camp, the office being in one end, and we lived in the other part. The doctor had a wife and one child. I left the doctor in the fall and went to Boston, where I formed the acquaintance of an Indian doctor called Peal. He was well educated, having graduated from Hanover College, and was a very quiet and mild man, and I never except upon one occasion, saw him excited, and as that time was connected with myself, I will relate it.

One day when the doctor was out, I was handling over his dentist instruments, and wishing that some Irishman would come in, wanting a tooth pulled, that I might practice upon him, when I happened to think that the doctor had a skeleton in a box under the lounge.

This skeleton was one that he prized very highly, as it was a female skeleton, and had cost him quite a sum, but that was immaterial to me. I pulled the box out, and found upon examination that the teeth were perfectly sound, and thinking that it would be a good chance to get my "hand in," I took a pair of forceps, and attached them to one of the teeth, which I extracted, as I thought, in beautiful style. As I met with such good success in pulling the first tooth, I thought that I would try again, and taking a new instrument I hauled another, and as it was a very pleasant performance, I kept on until they were all extracted. After finishing the operation I placed the teeth back in their respective places, which job I found no trifling one, as I was somewhat green, and I worked quite hard and long to do it.

The doctor a few days after was fixing up his office, and, among other things, he had a nice walnut case, to set in one corner of the room, to place this skeleton in. After setting the case in the right position, he came into the room where the skeleton was, and pulling out the box, he took hold of one end of it, and I the other, and we carried it into the other room and there sat it down. As he lifted the skeleton up, one of the teeth dropped out, the doctor somewhat surprised, lifted it higher up, and another dropped out, and then another, and thus they continued until they were all upon the floor. The doctor dropped the skeleton, and in a rage turned around, saying, "John, what does this mean?" but he did not stop for an answer, but seizing his hat left the office, and did not make his appearance again until the next morning. I did not blame the doctor for being somewhat angry, but I could not refrain from laughing for sometime after he went. I went and got the mucilage and firmly inserted the teeth, and then procured some wire, and fastened the skeleton up in the case, and when the doctor came in the next morning, he seemed

very much pleased at the appearance of things, and I did not hear a word in regard to it afterwards.

I stopped with him until the fall of 1853, and then went with some medicine upon a visit to Oldtown, where I remained some six weeks and then went back and found that the doctor had left the city, taking away with him besides what he owed me, some seventy-five dollars' worth of medical and other works. This was quite a loss to me, as the spare money that I had, I used to expend in books, and I had managed by economy to get together quite a library, and now the work which I had been a number of years accomplishing was overthrown by this doctor.

I heard a short time after, that he went to Philadelphia and was practicing medicine there. Notwithstanding he took my books, and I lost some forty dollars that he owed me, yet somehow or other I liked the man, for he seemed to be a goodhearted fellow, but still I thought that the joke I played upon him, was nothing to be compared to this, one he had played upon me.

Chapter VI

I could get nothing to do in Boston, and I therefore went to Bath where I hired out with a doctress woman named Nichola. We stopped here until winter, and then went to Sidney where we camped out. We camped in an old road, and it having been raining very hard for a few days past, and as we were near a river, the water was turned off, owing to an obstruction in the river above, and it came down the old road. It came rolling toward us in the night, but hearing the noise of the water, I went out and finding what the trouble was, we turned out and struck our tent, and moved back farther into the woods, into safe quarters. There was quite a freshet, and a young man and myself made some money catching logs and towing them ashore, where we made them fast.

I bought a horse while here for the doctress, and then we went to Oldtown, leaving one of the family to take charge of the tent while we were gone. In passing along between Unity and China, we came to a place called Albion Corner, where there was a public house, and we rode up and tried to get a dinner, but the people locked the doors, and would not let us come in. There was a tall post at the door, the sign had tumbled down years before, showing that it was a public house, and feeling rather provoked at the way they treated us, we took our hatchets and cut the post down, thinking that they did not need any sign as they did not entertain strangers.

We kept on our way and stopped at Troy, where we were received in better shape, and got something to eat, but as our horse was taken sick, we could go no farther, we therefore stopped all night. The next day we resumed our journey, and the same night arrived at Oldtown, being ferried across the river in an old scow that we obtained.

We stopped at Oldtown about six weeks, and had some fine times, gunning and fishing, while there. Some days twenty of us or more would go a moose hunting, sometimes we would chase them into the water, and then paddle our canoes up to them, and cut their throats which is easily done in deep water. I thought that this seemed a very cruel way of killing moose, the first time I saw it done, but after sometime I got used to it, and could butcher them in this way without flinching. We went back to Sidney, and there hired a house and stable, and the family made baskets, while my mistress practiced medicine. We did very well while here. One day while I was at Sidney my mistress loaded up a pung with baskets, and sent me off to sell, but was somewhat afraid that I should run away, and therefore just before I left she said, "You won't bring back my baskets, will you?" "I hope not," I said, "I want to sell them." This quieted her, and I started off, and was gone for four days, going through a number of villages, but a storm coming up on the fourth day, I hurried back, not quite selling out my stock.

One of the boys being taken sick, part of the family went to Oldtown with the sick boy, whilst myself, and two others with the doctress remained. We remained in Sidney making baskets until February, and then we started for Oldtown.

It was dreadful cold the day we left and we had been on the road but a short time before it began to storm; but we kept on until we came to a tavern in China, but here we could not get put up, as the keeper said the house was full. It stormed faster than ever, and it seemed to grow colder, but we had to go forward, and after sometime we reached Albion Corner, where the people had all gone to bed, and we could not rouse any one, and we had to keep on. The snow had drifted badly, and we made but slow progress, but we soon came to a house where a light was burning, and with some little cheerfulness, though we were all nearly frozen, we drove up to the door. There were four in our company, the doctress and a child in the pung, whilst myself and another young man walked along by the side of the horse, as it had stormed so fast that the road was full of snow.

We went up to the house in a bad condition; as to myself I was never colder, and the doctress was crying, she was so cold, while the little child was wrapped up in the buffaloes so that she did not suffer so much, yet suffering as we were, they refused us admittance.

I did not know whether they were suspicious of us or not, but we stopped there and plead and entreated of that family to let us enter the house and warm us for half an hour, but to no avail. After ~~some~~^{time} we made a compromise, and they agreed to let the woman and child in, and myself and young man to sleep in the barn. The doctress and child went into the house, and after taking care of the horse, the family relented and let us in. I found that I had frozen one of my toes, but felt satisfied to get off as well as I had. After warming myself well at the fire I went out into the pung in the barn, and wrapping myself in the buffaloes, went to sleep. The next morning we got our breakfast at the house, and after paying them for their trouble resumed our journey, but the road was in such a bad condition that we did not make much progress that day, only going as far as Dixmont where we stopped over night. The next night we arrived at Oldtown, crossing the Penobscot river on the ice.

One day while there, I was driving to Bangor with the doctress, when overtaking two Indian women, she asked them to ride. I got out and walked, and as one of them said she knew how to drive, I relinquished the reins into her hands. Unfortunately neither of the women knew how to drive, and the horse not being used to such management, took fright and ran away, throwing them out, and injuring himself somewhat, as I afterwards found out. A few days after I went with the doctress to Waterville, and while there I noticed for the first time that the horse's leg was cut. The family with whom we stopped had a young man whom they wished to take my place, and they therefore told the doctress that they thought that I cut the horse's leg and my mistress accused me of it. I was somewhat surprised at the charge, as she had placed the fullest confidence in me up to that time, and denied it, but all that I could say, availed nothing. She settled with me, if it could be called a settlement, for she paid me nothing for the time I had worked, but as I had lent her some money when I went to work, she deducted what she had paid for clothes, and gave me the balance of the borrowed money.

I was to receive one hundred dollars a year, and board and clothes, and I had been working some six months, and had not received a cent of money, and no clothing, but as I could not do anything better I had to bear it. I started

to walk to Oldtown that night, and went as far as Troy, and stopped all night, and the next night I arrived at Bangor. I went to the depot, but finding that the cars had left for Oldtown, I remained all night, and the next day went to that place. I bought some baskets here, and in company with another young man opened a shop, he to stop in it, and I intended to travel and sell baskets, going off some distance in the stage or cars, and then travel towards home, selling as I went along.

Having procured some baskets, I went to Bangor, and as the stage was full, I drove an extra team to China, getting my fare for services, where I commenced to sell my baskets. I soon sold out and returned to Bangor, arriving there in the night, and having got my supper walked to Oldtown. I loaded up the next day and started off, taking the stage at Bangor for Waterville about dusk, and as the inside was full, I jumped up with the driver:

As the stage was about to start off, a red-faced, blustering man, who looked as if he was very intimate with the brandy bottle, came out of the hotel, and seeing me upon the outside with the driver, said, "Come, my little fellow, just get down and jump inside, and let your uncle take your place, you'll freeze." "You need not trouble yourself on my account," I replied, "I have seen cold weather, and am accustomed to it." "I don't want you to freeze, come, jump down," he said, and as it was exceedingly cold, and growing dark, and having on only a thin coat, and no gloves, I did not insist much upon riding outside. I therefore jumped down and got inside, whilst he clambered up with the driver. We started off, having on six horses, two extra ones being put on as it looked likely to storm. Before we had gone a great distance, I heard the old fellow that took my place with the driver, slap his hands, and curse the weather, saying, "that it was always his luck when he went anywhere, it was as cold as Greenland;" and before long the stage stopped, and he jumped down, and came and got into the stage, exclaiming, "That the weather was a little too tough." "You ain't quite so tough as you thought you was," I said, as I got out of the stage to take his place. He muttered out something as I got out, but the wind smothered it, and I clambered up on the top of the stage. The appearance of things had altered materially whilst I had been riding inside, for now it was dreadful dark, it stormed, and the snow was blowing in our faces, and there was a sharp, cutting wind that nearly took our breath away. My baskets were upon the top of the stage, and these were covered over with canvas, which was buckled at the sides and end, but the wind blew so fiercely that it would unbuckle the straps, as they were somewhat worn, and the canvas would then blow and slat terribly. I had, therefore, very often to creep along upon the top of the stage, and buckle the straps to keep the canvas over the. I did not care so much about the canvas, but my baskets were colored ones, and if they got wet, the fast colors would fast disappear, so I was kept at work pretty much all of the time. We got as far as Hampden, where it had drifted so badly that we could not make much progress, and our female passengers, and the very tough old fellow got out, and went into a private house to stop, whilst two other passengers besides myself kept on. We kept on a short distance after they got out, and then got fast into the snow, and had to all turn out and help get the stage out.

We got some rails off from a fence by the side of the road, and the passengers would pry up the stage, whilst the driver touched up the horses. Getting out of this, we went a short distance farther, only to go through the

same operation, and in this way we managed to get along for some distance.

In one place we got into a drift, and could not find a rail anywhere upon the side of the road; the fences were all gone as far as we could see. What to do in this extremity was the question. The driver, in a rage, was swearing at the Millerites for burning up their fences, whilst I was at work near where I supposed the fence should be, kicking up the snow, and fortunately struck a rail some distance under it. We now found rails along under the snow, and managed to get enough to use in this way, but they were rather scarce, I should think for a distance of some eight miles.

We got the stage out and proceeded on our way, but as it had continued to snow all the time, we did not go a great distance before we went into a snow bank that was more formidable than any that we had met with before. I jumped off from the stage, and looking ahead, the bank could be seen as far as my sight extended, and I told the driver it was no use to try to get any further.

He moved down, and after looking around, came to the same conclusion, and as we had stopped opposite a house, we unharnessed the horses, while one went and aroused the inmates, and having come out the house and thrown open the barn doors, we drove them in. The people of the house built up a large fire in the kitchen, and the driver and passengers, excepting myself, went in and laid down by the fire and went to sleep; as for myself, I took charge of the horses, wiping off the snow and rubbing them down, which took me until morning.

Chapter VII

I was extremely tired when I finished my job, but as soon as it was light I went to the neighbors, and got them out shoveling the snow, and then returned to the house.

The driver paid me very well for my services, giving me my fare to Troy and two dollars-and-a-half in money, besides buying a number of my baskets and presenting them to the inmates of the house where we stopped. We got our breakfast and then started, making but slow progress, but got as far as Dixmont where they changed horses, and then kept on to Troy, arriving there about noon. As this was as far as I could go by the stage, as they went in a different direction, I got my dinner at the tavern, and started to walk to Unity, about six miles distant. This was about the hardest jaunt I ever experienced, as I had upon my back some seventy or eighty pounds weight, and the snow was drifted badly, and not even a foot-print was visible for some considerable part of the way; but plucking up courage, I started off to travel it. For some little distance, I got along pretty well, but then I came to quite a drift which was pretty deep, and to get through I unslung my baskets, and throwing them a little distance ahead of me, I waded up to them, and throwing them again, I pushed along to them, and in this way I worked along until I passed a drift, and then resuming my load, kept on until I came to another.

At times my strength would be exhausted, and I would lie down upon my back upon the snow, to recover my breath, and in this way I kept on until worn out and completely exhausted, I reached Unity, having traveled six miles, taking all the afternoon. After getting something to eat, I went to bed and slept soundly until morning, and then I walked towards Freedom, selling my baskets upon the way, and after having sold out, I walked to Bangor and took the cars for Oldtown. I stopped a few days, and then loading up again, I took the stage for Waterville, and then walked to Kendall's Mills, and selling out my baskets, I went back to Oldtown. My next trip was an unlucky one. I went to Newport and Palmyra, part of the distance by stage, but a storm came up as I was traveling, my baskets got wet, and one color ran into another, so that they were a rather streaked lot, and not being able to sell them, I exchanged for tobacco, candy, and other things, to put into my shop, and then went back to Oldtown. This was my last excursion in peddling baskets while here, and I found it a hard life, and although a person might be very tough, yet this kind of life followed up pretty closely, would wear upon him. Soon after I arrived back, I went to Greenfield after some ash for baskets, and after game; I was gone about a week, and shot one deer, and got a load of basket ash, which I hauled to the road, and had it carried to Oldtown, whilst I walked back.

I was out on a hunting excursion soon after this in the same place, with some company, when I got strayed away from them, having with me a blanket, hatchet, and some provisions. I was unsuccessful in shooting any game, and on the third day I got entirely out of provisions. It came up dark and foggy, and to complete my misery began to rain, and having no camp I got completely wet through; powder, caps, matches, and myself completely drenched with water.

I was in what might be well termed, "a fix." Night was approaching, surrounded on all sides by a dense wood, without any compass, dog, or companion, relying alone upon "good luck" to bring me out of the dilemma. To spend much time in forming plans would have been useless, and perhaps fatal, therefore taking a direction, I pursued my way, walking swiftly through the forest. I kept on for a short distance through the woods, when all at once I stepped into a logging road, which I could hardly see, it was so dark, and walking along in this road a few rods, I was cheered by a light in the distance, which I found to proceed from a log cabin. I went up and rapped upon the door, when a Frenchman came and invited me in, and kindly procured me a change of clothing, and stirring up the log fire, requested me to be seated. I found upon inquiry that I was not a great distance from home, and after partaking of a warm supper I went to bed.

It cleared off very cold in the night, and when I arose in the morning, the water in the road was frozen solid, but after eating breakfast, I thanked my host and started for home, where I arrived to the satisfaction of my friends, who were somewhat fearful that I might have perished in the woods. This was the most unsuccessful hunt that I ever had experienced, but the one that followed was not quite so fortunate as this one was, as my story will show.

I started off one day a short time after my last excursion, upon another hunting expedition alone, but was more fortunate in finding game, for I shot some deer upon the third day. I got strayed away while shooting the deer, and having no compass, and being overcast, I found that I was lost. I had some matches and a hatchet, and I built me a camp, and having dug away the snow, prepared to build a fire. I got some birch bark and kindled me a fire, and soon began to feel quite comfortable, but not having wood enough to last me all night, I went to cut up some, when in striking into a pine knot, my hatchet glanced, and one corner entered the top of my foot. I had on besides my moccasins, three pair of stockings, which protected my foot somewhat, but not enough to prevent my getting a severe cut.

This was something that I had not reckoned upon, and I was without anything to bind up the wound, but I knew that I must stop the flow of blood, which had even in a short space of time made me feel faint. I put on my snow shoes, and made my way to a swamp, where I got a stick of osier, and scraping off the bark, I chewed it up soft and applied it to the wound, binding it up with a part of the sleeve of my shirt that I tore off. But finding that this would not do, as the gash was open, I took off the bandage, and taking a pin I brought the edges of the wound together, and stuck it through, and winding some thread underneath the ends of the pin, I brought the wound closely together, and then applying my bark, I bound it up with a piece of my shirt. I then limped to where my fire was, and renewed it, and gathering my blanket around me, laid down upon some boughs near the fire.

I passed the night pretty comfortably, considering my condition, and in the morning made preparations to find my way home. I found that every step I took caused my wound to bleed, but as the only alternative for me was to find my way out, I continued on, and fortunately came across a road that led me safely out.

Not seeing any one upon the road, I took a shorter cut across some woods, leaving my mark as I went along, and at last arrived at Oldtown, and proceeded to my shop, when opening the door I felt weak, and fell prostrate upon the floor. My partner came and took me up, and carried me into the back part of the shop, where he lived himself, and laid me upon the bed where I shortly recovered.

My wound was attended to, and telling my partner that I left two deer, he and his brother started after them, tracking my way back to the spot by the blood that I left upon the snow. They got the deer to the road, and hired a man to take them to Oldtown. I was laid up by this accident about two months, and as I had lost some considerable blood, I was extremely weak. When sufficiently recovered to go out, I went to a school which was in the next building to our shop. This was a most wretched place for a school, for when it rained, the water came through the roof, and when it snowed, it would drift in some part of the room. As the building was so open, of course it was cold and uncomfortable; and in this place the Indian children gathered themselves to be instructed. I would say a few words here in regard to the subject of education among the Indians at Oldtown, as it existed at the time I was there, and am not aware as yet, that there has been any change for the better. The same old building -- the same old rickety stairs and leaky roof, are there now, and as long, we suppose, as the materials hold together, they intend to occupy the time-honored building for the education of Indian children.. The building is best described in the language of Nichola, the representative of the Penobscot tribe, who said, before the Legislature, that "the building weeped without and within, and looked ragged and tattered, like a dead poplar in the woods." The interests of the Indian children were presented by Nichola before the Legislature, and the need of appropriating a part of the interest of the Indian fund for the erection of a schoolhouse; but the proposition was rejected. At that time fifty dollars were paid annually to a Catholic Priest of Bangor, for going six times a year to Oldtown to confess the Catholic Indians there, which was thought nothing of, whilst that sum would have paid the interest, and much more, of a sum sufficient to have erected a school house. Which is most for the interest of the Indians, sending a priest a number of times a year to confess them, or erecting a good school house, and abolishing the priesthood? In this way have the poor Indians been treated by some who wish to eat up year after year, the interest on their funds, who at the same time pretend to be their friends.

There are but few, if any, of the Indians, who are opposed to the education of their children, and yet they are kept in as ignorant a state as possible by the Catholic power, that they may exercise their authority, and hold control over them. It is for this reason that some Catholics in some of the neighboring places near Oldtown are opposed to educating the Indian children, because they are well aware that if a school house should be erected, it would be a death blow to the power of the priesthood over them.

Chapter VIII

I went to school a short time, and after recovering somewhat from my lameness, having quite a number of baskets, I went to Bangor, and took my baskets with me to Boston. I intended to retail them out, but finding that I could not travel very well, I sold them out in lots, and then went back to Oldtown, and stopped a short time. Whilst there I became acquainted with Susan Newell, whom I afterwards married, and her brothers Thomas and Loring Newell. The brothers wished me to go with them to Salem, Mass., and stop until fall, making baskets, and then they wished me to travel with them through the winter, and give entertainments. I was somewhat tired of Oldtown, and also dissatisfied with my partner in the shop, and we therefore separated, and I went with the Newells to Bangor, and there took the boat for Boston, Mass., and then went to Salem, where we found some Indians with whom we camped.

After arriving there I was set to work pounding ash for baskets, and also brought ash upon my shoulder from the surrounding swamps to our camp. Before the ash can be worked, or before it will strip, it has to be pounded very hard, striking about two blows in the same place, until every part has been pounded, and then each year's growth becomes somewhat separated and can be stripped off, and these parts can also be stripped, if desired, into pieces as thin as a ribbon. The strips are usually about seven feet long, and smoothed by placing the strip upon the knee, and then gauging the knife upon it, drawing the strip through, giving to it an equal thickness, which requires some little practice. Whilst here we used to shoot at money, some four or five rods distant, and by this we picked up considerable change.

Whilst shooting one day, an Irishman standing near, to raise a laugh, knocked my cap down over my eyes. This he continued to do for some time until I was exceedingly angry, and raising my bow, I struck him pretty hard over the head, and started to run, the Irishman after me with a large stone, which he threw, but it did not strike me. I then turned upon him, and in running around the tent he fell, and I was just in the act of striking him, when a companion of his struck me in the neck with a slung-shot, the marks of which blow I shall probably carry to my grave.

Fortunately for myself I did not receive the full force of the blow, as it grazed my neck, but what I did receive was enough to make me stagger into the tent that was open, and prostrated me. I was somewhat stunned, but soon recovered, and went out of the tent, and around to where the Irishmen were, when I heard the one that struck me swearing that he would serve every red-skin in the same manner. But he had no sooner got the words out of his mouth, when before he was aware of it, by a well-directed blow under the chin, I laid him prostrate, and then seizing an axe that was near, I told them to keep at a proper distance, and the police coming up at the same time, took the fellows away. They vowed vengeance against us, and threatened to destroy our tent, and for a few nights we watched pretty closely, expecting trouble, but no one came to molest us. We remained in this place about a week, being troubled exceedingly

by the Irish, who came to our camping-ground intoxicated, and then insulted us in many different ways.

We next went to Manchester, and while waiting at the depot to take the cars for that place, a gentleman came up and commenced a conversation with me, asking various questions, and at length asked me if I should not like to learn a trade, and that if I did he would give me a good chance. There had quite a number gathered around us, and the Newells fearing that I might want to go with him, began to talk with the rest of the company in the Indian tongue, and also told me that the whites were a miserable people, and persuaded me to run and get on to the team that had our baggage, that we hired hauled to Manchester. I believed all the Indians told me about the whites, and I thought they were a very bad people, and I therefore hurried off, and soon caught up with the team and jumped on.

When we arrived at Manchester, we found that our friends that went in the cars had secured a place near a salt marsh for us to put up our tents, and we therefore drove immediately to the spot, and put them up.

We made a great many bows and arrows while here, and also some baskets, and also picked up some change by shooting at money. At the depot where we usually shot at money, was a long platform, and one day while shooting there, a man stuck a beautiful knife into the platform, saying that he would give it to me, if I would strike it with my arrow. He had placed the edge towards me, and when I fired, I noticed that a splinter flew from my arrow, and I ran and took the knife, and put it into my pocket. The man came up and said that I did not touch the knife with my arrow, but picking up the splinter I convinced him to the contrary, and kept the knife. He intended to impose upon me in a way that is very common by sticking up his knife, edge towards me, so that in firing I might split my arrow, and then walk up and take his knife, and thus raise a laugh among the crowd that had gathered around, but he found that he was mistaken, for I got ahead and took the knife. We were oneday shooting pieces of money stuck up in the cracks in a post, and while there a drunken man came along, and would get in the way of our shooting. We advised him to get out of the way, but he paid no attention to what we said, but was careless and unconcerned, saying, that "that them little fellows couldn't hurt him if they did hit him." The ones that were shooting at this time were little boys, and as one of them not five years old let an arrow fly, the man reeled in its way, and it struck him in the forehead, knocking him senseless, and it was sometime before they brought him to his senses. If the arrow had been a sharp-pointed one, it would undoubtedly have killed him, but the head of the arrows that they use when they shoot at money are about the size of a quarter.

We remained here about a week, and then went to Essex, Mass. Myself and one of the Newells ran the distance there, and going into the ship-yard, made quite a little sum of money before our company arrived with their team. We camped near the ship-yard, and remained there about four weeks making baskets, and I worked very hard while here, lugging upon my shoulders the ash to make our baskets of, some six miles. I used to pound it in the wood, and also strip it, and then tying up a bundle, put a strap around it, and around my forehead, and another over my shoulders, and in this way I carried the ash.

From here we went to Ipswich, where we had a great amount of company, coming not only in the day, but keeping it up late in the night, but we did

very well while here, selling a great many baskets.

We next went to Amesbury, and while there we obtained permission to cut some ash in a swamp, a short distance from our camps. The swamp was a very large one, and we cut over the line upon another man, which we had to settle for a short time after we left the place. We experienced a very severe storm while here, the wind blowing down our tents whilst the rain completely drenched us, which was rather bad, as we had a sick child at that time. A short time after the child died, and I carried the body to Haverhill, where it was buried in the Catholic burying ground, and leaving my horse, I secured a large express team and driver, and went back to Amesbury to move our goods to Haverhill. Having packed up our things, we started off, and about eleven o'clock that night, as we were going down a short hill not far from Haverhill, the holdback broke, and the horse in the shafts (we had a tandem team), began to kick, and the driver jumped off, leaving the horses full possession of the team. I was seated upon the top of the load, which was not a very desirable situation, considering the lay of the land before me. Upon each side of the road was a rail fence, and the ground fell off on both sides from eight to ten feet.

The horses finding that no restraint was upon them, bounded down the hill, striking the rail fence at the side of the road, and smashing it down. The carriage, horses, and myself were precipitated down the embankment, but I jumped before I reached the ground, clearing myself somewhat from the boxes, trunks, and other things that were stored upon the team, and escaped with some slight bruises. After recovering from the fall, I found that the horses had been bruised some, but the carriage was a complete wreck, and our goods were scattered promiscuously over the ground.

One of our number went ahead and procuring a lantern, came back, and we picked up the things, and putting them in a pile, covered them over. The driver procured a light wagon, and took the two Indians that were with us and went to Haverhill, leaving me to take charge of the goods. I fixed up a suitable place and laid down, and was awakened in the morning by some of the neighbors who had brought me a capital breakfast, to which I did ample justice. After eating my breakfast, our driver came with a good team, and loading up our goods we went to Haverhill, camping after we arrived there near the Catholic Church.

I was married while here to Susan Newell by the Catholic priest, who, when about to marry me, asked me what my name was. I told him that I was called John Lawshian and sometimes John Glossian. He then wanted to know if I had been christened. I told him that I could not tell him positively whether I had or not. The priest told me that he could not marry me unless I knew that I had been christened. I again told him that I did not know, but that if he was intending to marry me, he must do it quickly, as I did not wish to stand there to be stared at, as there had quite a number gathered around us. Thinking more, probably of his fee than the objections, as that would more than balance any compunctions of conscience, if he had any, he married us.

Chapter IX

I became acquainted while here with Eld. Thomas Sunrise, a Protestant, belonging to the Seneca tribe, N. Y., who came to Haverhill to preach. He was a very smart speaker and an intelligent man, and I became very much interested in him. He wanted me to travel with him, and I promised to meet him in Lawrence a short time before I was married, and I started upon the railroad to meet him there, but after going some four miles, I altered my mind, and turned and went back to the camp.

I worked very hard whilst camping at this place, bringing ash for baskets from a neighboring swamp to the camp, where we manufactured them, and then taking them upon my shoulders to carry around the village to sell. We next took the cars for Salmon Falls, N. H., where we stopped about one month, making and selling baskets. We also gave an entertainment in that place, and did very well.

We next went to Great Falls, and camped upon the east bank of the river, in a thick grove of pines. The first night that we arrived there, as we were out of provisions, one of our company went down to the "Union Store," and procured some pork and crackers, and we prepared to have something to eat; but upon examination our pork proved to be bad, and the crackers had been kept so long that they were wormy.

We were very indignant at this piece of imposition, and the same night I took the basket and carried the provisions back, and entering the door I asked the keeper if that was the kind of pork and crackers that he sold people to eat. He replied that it was good enough for any red-skin. I told him that it did not suit us, and that he might take it back and pay me the money, or exchange for good provisions. He seemed very independent about it at first, and said that I had better leave, but finding that he could not get rid of me so easily, he exchanged and gave me better provisions.

A short time after in the same store, I was insulted by the same man. I went to purchase some sugar, and having but a few cents in change, I asked for half a pound, and he replied that he did not sell sugar in such small quantities. I was angry, and replied that he could sell bad pork and wormy crackers, which made him afterwards keep very quiet, as he did not wish the fact circulated around the place. There are many who deceive the Indians in this manner as they travel from place to place, thinking that as they are poor and somewhat degraded they deserve no better treatment; they also suppose that the Indians have no pride nor principle, and therefore a certain class of people take particular pains to impose upon them by selling or giving to them, only what at other times they would throw away.

But the Indians, to the contrary, I care not how reduced they may be, have some pride left, and they are peculiarly sensitive. No slight affront can be given them without their notice, and no kind act without its being remembered.

It is also, I am well aware, a notorious fact that the Indians at the present time have not that stability of character, those principles of honor, for which they were originally noted, and some good reasons can be given how this change has been effected. They have been driven from their hunting grounds, and before the onward march of civilization, have been driven deeper into the forests. They have been cheated in their trades with the whites, and more than this, as they are a passionate people, having strong temperaments, and being fond of stimulants, the strong water of the whites has proved destructive to their better natures. The "fire water" has brought the Indians down, until now at the present day, they are far from having those original virtues and firm principles of honor that characterized their fathers, and are only a wreck of their former state.

The Indian once, like the mighty oak, defied his enemies, braving all by his strength, but rolling years have caused the trunk to decay, and the cold blasts have shorn him of his grandeur and strength, and he now today, stands alone. Looking out upon the world, he sees the forests spread before, but looking beyond, the cities and towns rise up to meet his gaze, inhabited by a race of people, unlike himself having customs different from his tribe, and thinking of the past when his forefathers chased the deer, or shot the bear, where now the smoke rises from some village; beholding the iron road linking together towns and states, and the iron horse plunging fearlessly and defiantly along, no wonder that he is silent and morose, that he is revengeful, and I might say, deceitful; no wonder that he drowns his feelings in the "fire water," and tries to forget the memories of the past in the stimulating cup.

As we think of this, and of the many sufferings of the poor Indian as he journeys along to his last great hunting ground, from which no pale-face will drive him, and where game will be abundant, let us aid him as we can by words of cheer and tokens of kindness, knowing that God the Father of us all is no respecter of persons.

We moved our camp back a short distance into the woods that we might be protected from the cold winds.

My wife being well acquainted with roots and herbs, having studied for the practice of medicine, I went to the village and left orders to have some circulars printed for her. A few days after I went to get them, and I found that there were some bills posted up on the streets, which read precisely like the copy that I had left at the printing-house, with the exception of my wife's name, for which the name of one of the men of our company was substituted. I went to the office and got my bills, and found that a person had got some bills printed at that office like my copy with the above exception. I was somewhat indignant, and would not post one of my bills in that place, and I walked to Milton Three Ponds, taking some baskets with me which I sold on the way, and I also distributed my bills. When I was returning to Great Falls, there was a man that was going there, and I offered him a quarter to carry me, but although he had no load, he refused. I told him that I would get there before him, and waiting until he had gone some little distance ahead, I started upon a run, and soon caught up, and as I passed by I bade him goodday, and kept on. I arrived at Great Falls before him, going the distance, fourteen miles, in one hour and three-quarters.

A few days after I moved to Milton, where we built a tent, and I borrowed a stove which I placed in my camp, the funnel running out about four feet from the ground.

Soon after we moved there, a number of persons came to see us, the gentleman of the party, as the others were ladies, was ridiculing everything we had. He was a large man, and the lower part of his face was covered with a profusion of whiskers, so much so that where the mouth of the individual was could only be guessed at, but before he left our camp, by a fortunate circumstance he was divested of a large proportion of the superfluous hair, leaving his mouth plainly visible. Among the many things that attracted his attention was our stove-pipe which ran out on the back side of our camp, and calling to his companions, he said, "Come, ladies, here's where they take pictures," and at the same time he placed his face up to the stovepipe. My wife at the same time lifted the canvas to get some wood, and also opened the stove door to put some in, when a draft of air came through the opening, and into the stove, sending a sheet of flame out of the stove-pipe, somewhat to the discomfiture of the gentleman who was having his picture taken. He drew back his face, quickly, looking somewhat different than it did before, the whiskers were singed off closely, and he presented altogether a rather comical appearance, his mouth was visible, and in not a very good natured manner he cursed us somewhat extravagantly. Having observed the operation, I told him that the next time, before we shaved him, he had better come in and get some lather upon his face, and we could perform the operation somewhat better; but as it was, we should not charge him anything for the operation. The ladies in his company could not help laughing, which only enraged him, and he left in no enviable mood, venting his spleen by pouring out curses and oaths upon us.

I secured quite a quantity of ash for baskets while here, going some distance to a swamp where I cut the ash, carrying it upon my shoulders to the road. I found it very hard work to get the sticks of ash from the swamp, as some were seven or eight feet long, and weighing from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty pounds; these I carried upon my shoulder from the swamp, wading through mud and water to the road, where I had it hauled to the depot, and by the cars carried to Great Falls. We moved to Great Falls where we stopped all the winter. One day I went off to sell baskets about four miles from the tent, where I came across a beautiful puppy, which the owner said I might have for a number of baskets, which I agreed to make. A few days after, having made the baskets, I went and got my puppy, which I carried in my arms to the camp, and although weighing only about thirty pounds, I found myself very tired when I arrived to the camp. My dog proved to be a faithful companion to me, as he was tractable, and the best watch dog that I ever saw, as no person could take anything from the tent in my absence. One day, a short time after I got him, an Irishman was coming up to the camp, somewhat intoxicated, and on his way, as it was towards night, he fell into a gravel pit, where he lay rolling and splashing in the water. My dog hearing the noise, jumped out of the camp, and ran down to where he was, and seizing the poor fellow by his coat, he held him, and when I came to his assistance, the poor man thinking

that some person had hold of his coat, was endeavoring to compromise with my dog, by saying, "I'm a Catholic, let me go, and I will give you a turkey for Thanksgiving."

But my dog was not acquainted with the Irish language, or not having much faith in compromises, did not heed his promises, and only replied by giving an extra pull, which sent the poor man sprawling again. I called the dog off, and lifting up the poor man, I started him towards his home, and from that day to this my dog has not been on very friendly terms with Irishmen, but whenever he hears one talk he will growl, and he seemed ever afterwards to owe them a grudge.

We built a handsled and the following winter we hauled all the wood that we burned upon it, breaking dry limbs from the trees in the neighboring wood. It was a very hard winter for us, as we suffered much from scarcity of provisions and also from the cold.

The people in this place were very penurious, and one person who owned considerable woodland, said that he had much rather the wood would rot upon the land, than to be carried off by the "lazy red-skins," as he termed us. We therefore fared rather hard while here, suffering much for the necessaries of life, to say nothing about the comforts or luxuries. I was not used very well I thought by the rest of the company, as I did the greater part of the labor, and of the whole amount of ash that I procured, some one hundred and fifty sticks, I only used two, while the rest of the company used the balance. I had paid the freight upon our baggage for some time past myself, and also the fares as we traveled in the cars, and I began to think that I was leading a rather hard life, and finding that my money was about gone, I concluded to leave the place. I started off soon after to leave, but I had not gone a great distance before I thought better of my plan, and I therefore turned about and went back to the camp.

Chapter X.

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Whilst here "Big Frank," that I have before referred to, came along giving exhibitions with a traveling company. One evening they gave an entertainment, and they usually reserved the front seats for ladies, but on that evening two drunken fellows had seated themselves there, and were laughing, swearing, and stamping their feet, making considerable noise and confusion. "Big Frank" was somewhat excited at their behavior, and told them that they might go and get their money and leave, or sit still. They paid no attention to him, but continued as noisy as ever, when "Big Frank" sprang, and seizing one in each hand, dragged them to the top of the stairs, and threw them both down, and then returned and continued the performance.

The company when they left took some of our party with them, but finding that their agent had cheated them, they would not let him get into the cars, but made him stop behind, and they went off. This agent that they left behind wanted to get up a show in the place, and he spoke to me. I had some money, and with it I purchased some dresses for myself and wife, and the agent advertised that besides the Indians he had engaged the services of Prof. Mooney, a celebrated sleight-of-hand performer.

The evening came, and they had in front of the building a splendid flag, and upon it, "Prof. Mooney and the Indians will perform tonight." I understood before the time came, that the Prof. would not be there, yet I endeavored in all ways that I could to get up a good show. We had quite a large audience, but when they found out that Prof. Mooney would not be there, they raised a "breeze" quickly, and rushing towards the stage, they demanded their money. I and my wife started for the door, walking upon the seats, and after getting out of the building, we made our way with all possible dispatch to the camp. The agent and another white man who was instrumental with him in getting up the entertainment, got a number of rowdies to protect them as they went to the tavern where they stopped, otherwise they would have been mobbed.

The audience being determined to make as much out of it as they could, stripped the large flag to pieces, and thus ended the great "Mooney and Indian exhibition." I lent the agent eight dollars to commence, which I lost, to say nothing about what I spent for dresses and other things. By this operation I got into debt somewhat, and had to pawn some of my things to pay my bills, and leaving Great Falls with my wife and two Indians, we took the cars for Kennebunk, Me., and from the depot we walked down to the village, and tried to get a place to camp out, but were not successful. We therefore kept on to Kennebunkport, but not getting a place there we walked back to the village, where we pawned some of our things, and procured something to eat, and then went back to the depot. We sent our things by the cars, and walked ourselves to Saco, where we slept in the depot.

The next morning being rainy we did not have agreeable weather to look us out a place to camp, and not finding any place to suit us in Saco, we camped in the wood opposite the Biddeford depot. We obtained permission and pitched out tent, working until late in the evening to get comfortable quarters to

sleep in, but then they were far from comfortable, as there was ice underneath the hemlock boughs upon which we slept, and our condition was not a very pleasant one. We were rather scant for fuel while here, but the depot master kindly gave us permission to pick up wood around the depot, and one of my cousins, Daniel Johnson (although I did not know it at the time), who was at work upon a bridge near by, gave us permission to pick up chips, and by their kindness we got along very comfortably.

While I was here I had some circulars printed for my wife and thrown around the village, and she commenced to practice medicine, and with this and selling baskets we did very well. We had to go about a mile for our ash toward Kennebunk, which we had permission to get by cutting up the tops for the owners. The butts of these ash trees we carried to our camp upon our shoulders, but after being here a short time the depot master gave us permission to take a small car up to the place, where we loaded it up, and as it was down grade back we took home quite a load. We had this car also to get our firewood, and we felt extremely grateful to the master for his kindness. We took quite a sum of money, my wife having as much practice as she wished to attend to.

One morning when my grocery man came to bring us some things, I was somewhat surprised by his saying that my father was coming up to see me.

One day my wife was in the grocery store where we traded, and while there, I passed along upon the street, and looked in at the door, and seeing my wife, I passed on. Mr. Simeon Goodwin, who was in the store, remarked to Daniel Johnson, my cousin, who was also there, that I looked just like the Johnsons, and that he had no doubt but that I was Mr. Johnson's lost son. This interested somewhat my cousin, and he took the first opportunity to see my brother Samuel and inform him of the circumstance.

There was another incident that attracted some interest; it was the remark of a little boy who lived in Saco, near Mr. Bowdoin's, a man that married my sister. He had been up to our camp, and when he went home, he told his mother that there was an Indian over to the Biddeford depot, that looked just like Mrs. Bowdoin. The mother told the child not to repeat it, for if Mrs. Bowdoin should hear what he had said, she would be put out. My brother Samuel, after hearing what Goodwin said, came up to our camp, and began to talk about medicine with me. I noticed that he scrutinized me somewhat closely, which I thought was very impertinent. After looking at me for some time, he asked me how I came by that scar on my forehead; I told him that a horse had kicked me. This was what the Indians had told me years before, and I always supposed that it was true. He then asked me to take off my cap, which I did, asking him rather bluntly, if there was anything more that he wished. After talking with me some time longer, he went away, feeling pretty confident that I was his brother, to the telegraph office in Saco, and sent a dispatch to my father who was then living in Lewiston, Me. He wished to keep the whole affair secret, but there was another person in the telegraph office at the time, besides the operator, who, hearing the news, went out and told it to another, and in this way it spread through the two places, and by night it was pretty well circulated. The next morning a crowd began to collect at the depot, which provoked us exceedingly, and they could not have been more interested in seeing me, had I

been a grizzly bear. They also talked very extravagantly what they would do if they were in my father's place; one would hang up every red-skin in the State of Maine, another would shoot every one of the number at the depot there, whilst a third would tar and feather the company that I was with, and ride them on a rail. In this manner they railed at us all day, telling us what they would do, which made us extremely angry, and also lowered the whites much in our estimation. The morning of the day my father came, my brother George whom I had not known, came up to the depot. Two young men were standing upon the platform, and as he came up, one of them spoke to me, and said, "Here's a brother of yours, John." "Well," I said, "I look as well as he does, I guess."

"Of course you look as well as I do," my brother replied. After looking at me a short time, and conversing some, my brother went away. My father did not arrive until afternoon, and when he came, there had quite a number of Indians joined our company, and when he arrived I was in a tent with Dr. Newell. He entered the tent with two of my brothers, and one of my sisters, and this was the first time my father had seen me for twenty-two years. You cannot well imagine his feelings! In imagination his mind went back over my past life--the day that I was lost--the little accident by which I received a scar upon my forehead--all these rushed through his mind, but subduing as much as possible his feelings, he addressed Dr. Newell, whilst I sat upon the ground upon one side of the tent. My father told the doctor that he wished to speak with me, and that if I was his son, I had been gone some twenty-two years. "He can't be your son," said Dr. Newell. "The expression of the face--the features--the color of his hair and eyes, and his size certainly give me every reason to believe that he is my son," and thus my father spoke. My father then asked how old I was, saying that if I was his child, I ought to be about twenty-five. I looked somewhat young for my age, and the doctor replied that I certainly could not be his son, as I was only eighteen years old. I went out then, and left the doctor and my father talking together; outside the crowd had increased, and I heard imprecations from every quarter hurled against the Indians, which made me feel somewhat cross and ugly, and going into the tent again, I told my father that there were not enough whites in the two places to take me away from the Indians. My father replied that he did not wish to take me away, but that if I was his son, I was of age, and my own master, and that all he wished to do, was to satisfy himself whether I was his child or not. My father then asked me if I would take off my hat, which I did, and he examined the scar upon my forehead, and asked me how I came by it. I made him the same answer that I did my brother Samuel. My father had quite a conversation with me, asking me various questions, and just before they left, my sister took out a miniature of another sister of mine, and asked me if I did not look like it. Feeling rather cross, I told her that the miniature looked no more like me than a jews-harp did like a gridiron.

I told them that I did not think they had done right in making such an excitement, and getting so many people up to our camp, and that if they wished to see me, they might have asked me to their house. I asked them if their carpets were too good for me to walk on, or their houses too good for me to go in, and I told them that they had spoiled our business, for we had not sold any baskets, and could not get a chance to make any; neither to cook or to eat, for there was a crowd around us all the time. My brother Samuel said that he

was willing to pay us for all the damage that he had done, but I would not take anything, feeling too proud to accept money for no benefit given for it. My father then left, and asked me to come and see him at his son's house in the village. I felt angry, and told him that his invitation came too late. My father said that if I would not come and see him, that he would come and see me, and then they left the camp.

The mood in which my father left me was no pleasant one, surrounded as I had been throughout the day by a crowd of people, who were foolish enough to boast what they would do, if circumstances were thus, and so I thought that myself and the rest of the company had been insulted by the whites.

But after all I had different feelings towards my father; he had not assumed that bravado spirit, had not threatened us with punishment, nor hurled imprecations upon our heads, but in a somewhat different manner had expressed his views and opinions in a calm, although in a feeling manner, and I felt somehow or other, kindlier feelings towards him than any person I had before met with.

But I had not much opinion of the whites, I had always been taught not to trust them, and having lived with the Indians until I had formed their habits and customs, and their dispositions, and living with them.

Chapter XI

The next morning as my wife and I were going back to the camp, having been to the village, as we approached the platform, Mrs. Bowdoin, my sister, called to my wife, and as she was talking with my brother Samuel, and asked her to come up where she was. My wife went up rather reluctantly, and my sister told her that she would be willing to call her sister, if she would entertain the same feelings toward her, and that she would like for her to come and see her. I here spoke and said it was too late to ask us to come and see them, for they might have done that in the first place if they wished for our company. I then commenced to talk with my brother, and told him that I did not think he had done just right in getting such a crowd up to our camps, and that the railroad company had complained that the people there troubled them exceedingly. He said that he was very sorry on his part that we had been troubled, but that he did not know that he was to blame.

My father came up again to see me, and as there was a crowd around the camp, he invited me to walk out towards the bridge, about a dozen rods distant. My father, with tears in his eyes, told me that he could not swear that I was his son, but that I appeared like one of his children, and that his lost boy had a scar upon his forehead, the same as the one upon mine. "I cannot tell you how much I have suffered," my father continued, "and the many sleepless nights that I have passed. I cannot tell you the sufferings of my wife, the many tears she shed, the many hours of wretchedness that she had, but I know that it wore upon her, and that she now sleeps in the grave. You look like my child, I would call you my son. I would not say if you are my child you must leave the Indians, you are old enough to choose for yourself, but only that I ask, that I may have the privilege of visiting you, and that you will sometimes come and see me, and look upon me as a father."

My father now ceased to speak, for he was too full for utterance; but as for myself, having been thrown out so early upon the world, and having passed through many scenes myself, my heart had become somewhat hardened, but when he spoke of a mother, and that she had gone down to the grave, perhaps through the loss of her child, that this had in any measure shortened her days somewhat touched me, and I felt a working within me, a feeling that I had rarely, if ever, felt before; it was the drawing forth of the sympathies of the heart, and I could only exclaim, "I pity you from the bottom of my heart." But we could converse no more, as the crowd had begun to gather around us, so that our conversation could not be private, and as we did not wish to express our views before a crowd of people, we went back to the depot, and the cars coming along, my father bade me good-bye, and took the cars for Lewiston.

I turned from the cars, and went toward my camp with strange and singular feelings. Tossed as I had been here and there upon the waves of life, meeting only as I went around, the cold shoulder from all, the words of my father had touched me, for he sounded the depths of my heart, and there came up a yearning for a sympathizing friend in whom I might confide my troubles, but with strong feelings I crowded back these thoughts, and turned to the reality of life as it was around me.

I felt unwilling to leave the Indians, strange as it may appear to the reader, but I had lived with them so long that they seemed to be my people. I had hunted with them for the deer, I had chased with them on the hunting grounds, with them I had passed twenty years of life, and so strong had the attachment become that their people seemed my people, and I felt like one of their number. I could with them be free to rove the forest, or paddle upon the beautiful lakes, but with the whites I thought that I must content myself to live forever in a house that covered a small piece of ground, and there caged up, pass my days. I could not bear the thought, and I chose to follow my Indian life, and I turned and went into my camp.

The crowds around our camp still increased, and we could get no chance to cook or eat, and hardly to sleep. While here some of the young Indian men went to a tea-party down to a hall in the village, and at the close of the evening came without their caps, as they had been stolen from the hall with some other clothing. The next morning some other officers came from the village with a search warrant, and ransacked our camps, but not finding any of the missing articles, they went away. We did not like to have our camps searched, and the Indians got me to write a letter, which was published in the "Union and Journal", at this place, in regard to our difficulties, which we here annex:

From the Penobscot Indians.

March 29th, 1855.

To The Public:---It is settled about that boy which was lost some twenty years ago. We have seen Mr. Johnson this morning before his departure for Lewiston. He is satisfied that he is not his son, for the boy is only eighteen years old now, and according to his statement, his boy would be some twenty-two or twenty-five years old. We have traveled east and west, and we have never been so much imposed upon as in this place. We did not come in this place to have any trouble with any person, we came here as civil and respectable people, we came to make a few baskets, and sell them to those who wish to purchase the same.

Now for five days past we have not scarcely had a chance to eat, sleep, or do any kind of work. Last evening some of our boys went to the ball down in the hall, and this morning one of your officers came with a search warrant to search our camps for a coat stolen in the hall. We are perfectly willing to have our camps searched by an officer. One of our boys lost a cap, but if he was to search all our white friends' houses it would cost a large sum of money. Now you must not think the Indians are so bad as some folks represent them to be. If they do steal children, you must not blame them, for you that can read can soon find out who set the example first--the Whites or the Indians. Almost every history contains accounts of the Whites taking Indians from their friends and carrying them to other countries, and if you set the example, you must expect for others to follow them.

JOHN GLOSSIAN,
Penobscot Indian

We stopped in Biddleford about two weeks, and then my wife and I went to Kennebunkport, where we practiced medicine, doing very well. In about a fortnight the remainder of our company came to our place, and camped near us.

We gave an exhibition while here, and while in the hall the seats broke down, but little damage was done. After I left the hall I found out that I had left my watch behind, I therefore went back to get it, but the keeper of the hall refused to give it up unless I paid the damages caused by the seats breaking down. I told him that I was not responsible for the seats breaking down, and that it was his duty to have seen that they were secure, and after some more talking he concluded not to keep the watch, and therefore gave it up.

We went from here to Kennebunk depot where we remained a number of weeks making baskets, whilst my wife practiced medicine in the village. We moved next to Alfred, where we gave some exhibitions and did very well.

One night we gave an entertainment, when we had quite a house and took considerable change, and when walking back to our camp we were followed by two men, who kept for some time a short distance behind, if we walked fast they would, if we slackened, they would do the same; but as it was a bright moonlight night, and finding that we were well armed they came to a wise conclusion, and took their leave, going into the woods.

A short time after we gave another exhibition in Springvale, and after returning to our camps I was awakened in the night by the low growling of my dog, and I raised myself up in time to see him bound out of a hole that had been cut in the tent. I jumped up hastily and seized an iron pestle that was near, and ran out and saw a person running away from the tent, whilst in another direction was another, with my dog close upon his heels. I threw my pestle at the first, which struck him, knocking him down, but he managed to escape to the woods that were near. I called back my dog, and getting my pestle, I went back to the camp. I had not much doubt but that these men were the same ones that followed us from Springvale but a short time before, but they must have been hard up to have attempted to rob such poor fellows as we were at that time.

While stopping in Alfred we visited the jail, and saw while there a mulatto boy that formerly lived with Dr. Newell. We also visited the Shakers, where we were treated with great kindness and respect; they bought quite a number of baskets, and showed us over their extensive grounds, and made our visit a very pleasant and agreeable one which we did not readily forget. We gave another exhibition at Springvale, and one of our company was a very fast runner, and as it was late before he started for the place, he ran the distance, five miles, in twenty minutes, but it came near finishing the poor fellow, for he was taken sick immediately after the performance, and was confined to the camp for some length of time. We next moved to Springvale, camping near the woolen mill on the bank of the river, where we made baskets, bows, and arrows, selling them to the people in the village. We had a violent storm while we were here, and our tent was blown down at the same time the Indian referred to above was sick, and we had to turn out in the rain and get the tent up, and then had to hold it to keep it from being blown down again the wind was so strong.

We moved from this place to Wells Depot, camping near by, where my wife practiced, and the rest of us made baskets; but not doing well, we moved to North Berwick, and camped in "Walnut Grove" near the Depot, making baskets, &c.,

where we remained two weeks. We next went to Lawrence, Mass., stopping near the foundry, and then to Nashua, N. H. We sent our baggage in the cars, and as it did not get there for a short time after we did, when it came we were entirely out of money. I went down to the depot and found that it had arrived. "Well, Mr. Indian," said the depot master, "is this your baggage?" pointing to our things. "Here's the bill; four dollars." "Yes, Mr. Pale Face," I replied, "they are our things, but I have no money." "Well, Mr. Red Skin," he replied, "we shall have to trust you." I took part of our things, and in a few days I went for the remainder and paid the bill on them. About this time there came along an Indian circus company, and I engaged to travel for two dollars and a half a day and expenses paid. The proprietor's name was Washburn, and I traveled with him some six weeks, and then I left and went back to Lawrence, where I found my wife sick. I engaged next to travel with Dr. Newell, my wife's oldest brother. I was to do his writing and compound medicine. Whilst at this place a frightful accident occurred a short distance from here by a train of cars being thrown off the track, and I went with the doctor to the place, where we did what we could to alleviate the distress of the wounded. It was a sad scene. The cars had been thrown off the track by running into an animal, and the wounded were scattered in various directions around the spot, some with broken limbs, others escaped by a miracle, whilst those around them were severely bruised.

Chapter XII

The doctor soon after went to New Bedford and sent for my and my wife, and packing up our things, we went to that place. We stopped one night and then went to Fairhaven, where we built a camp and stopped some six weeks. The doctor practiced extensively here and took some considerable money. My wife was quite sick while here, but the white people around us were very kind, sending her many little luxuries and endeavoring to make her as comfortable as possible by contributing many things that would be for her benefit. We next went to Lawrence where we remained until January, 1856. My wife, having recovered her health in some measure, commenced to practice. We got out of a certain kind of medicine while here, and I walked to Lowell and called on Dr. Peter Cooley, but as he didn't have what I wanted I called on Dr. Masta, another Indian doctor, but not getting the medicine there, I started for Concord, N. H., walking upon the Monmouth road. Night overtaking me on the road I called at a number of houses to get lodgings, but the people were all suspicious of me, and I could not get a chance to stop at any of them. I therefore left the road and went across a field into the edge of the woods, and having a small hatchet I procured some pitchwood and soon had a fire. I had not eaten anything for the day and was hungry, but as I had a good fire I felt pretty comfortable, and scraping away the snow I laid down some brush, and laid down to sleep with my faithful dog at my side. I had been there but a short time when I heard voices and persons coming through the bushes, and my dog began to growl. Soon a man asked me what I was doing. I told him that I had camped out for the night, that having tried in vain to get lodgings at the houses, I had, as a last resort, made me a bed in the woods. Some that came were ones that I had asked for lodgings, and feeling somewhat ashamed, they asked me to go and sleep in their barn, but I assured them that I had much rather sleep where I was. They felt that it was not just right to turn a poor man away from their houses in a winter's night, and they went home and soon returned with clothing for me and victuals in abundance, as they could not get me to accept any invitation to lodge in their houses. Feeling very independent, I did not touch the clothing nor taste of the food, but I left in the morning the same as they brought it to me, although I was quite hungry. The next morning I started a partridge, and with my knife and hatchet I made me a bow and arrow, and shot him, and taking him to my fire, and made a good meal from him. I soon after shot another partridge and a squirrel as I went along, which I carried to Concord, and from there sent them to my wife. I arrived at Manchester, N. H., where I was acquainted with some of the people, and going into a saloon I soon made two or three dollars shooting at money. I started off again for Concord where I arrived about four in the afternoon, and went to Dr. Gloschian, an Indian doctor, who had the kind of medicine that I wanted. The doctor had some stock to make bows and arrows of, and that night after I arrived there I made some nine shillings' worth. I sent what money I had to my wife, and stopped in Concord about a week, making bows and arrows which I sold, and the proceeds of my week's work was fifteen dollars. I went back to Lawrence, and then went to Salmon Falls, N. H. I had a very hard winter, my wife being sick most of the time, whilst I had to work very hard making baskets and selling them, carrying them upon my shoulders around the village to sell. I brought the ash that I made my baskets of, some seven miles,

and from there I went some distance into the swamps to get the ash, bringing out the sticks upon my shoulder through the ice, mud, and water, which was exceedingly tiresome. When I came here with my wife I was entirely out of money, and not being able to buy, I had to hire a stove to put in my camp, the wood that I burnt I brought upon my shoulder quite a distance. We next moved to Dover, N. H., and getting some circulars printed, we went to Milton, Three Ponds, arriving there about 11 o'clock at night, without money, but I went to a tavern there and told the keeper that I was without money, and that I wanted supper and lodgings for myself and wife that night, and that I would pay him as soon as I was able. The keeper gave us our supper and lodgings, and the next morning I went out and found a small store, the front of which was empty, which I hired and moved my things into it, and the first day I was there I took money enough to pay my bill at the tavern.

I was awakened the first morning after I entered the building by a strange noise that proceeded from the other end of the building, as it was partitioned off, and I occupied the front. After getting up I looked into the other part, and found it occupied by a cow. This was the first time that I had ever occupied the same building with animals, but I found that they were very good neighbors, and I had much rather live near them than many persons whom I have been neighbors to. I distributed my circulars throughout the village, and my wife had considerable practice. We stopped here until May, and then we went to Milton Falls, about eight miles distant, and hired a room, and went to house-keeping. We remained here some two months, doing very well, and before leaving I bought a yoke of steers, and making a light cart, I loaded up our things and went to Wakefield's Corner, and occupied a room in a hotel a short time, and then commenced to board out at Squire Copp's. We next went to Wolfsboro', and having previously engaged rooms there, we moved into them, but not liking our new quarters we went to board with Mr. Loud, and my wife practiced medicine, and we did very well.

From this place we went to North Wolfsboro', and stopped a short time, and then went to Wolfsboro', where we purchased some cloth and built a tent, and camped out near Capt. Roberts, whose family used us with great kindness. We slept in our tent, and had our office there, and took our meals at Mr. Chadbourn's, by whom we were kindly treated. Whilst here I used to leave my camp in charge of my dog, who would not let any person take anything from the tent, excepting our circulars which were upon a table in the middle of our tent. If a person touched anything besides these while we were gone, my dog would go and look up in his face and growl, as much as to say, "If you know when you are well off, you will put that down." When we went to our meals we used to leave the dog in our tent, and when we went to visit patients, he was the most intelligent animal that I ever saw.

I used to travel considerable upon the Boston and Maine railroad, and when I first took my dog with me, the conductor told me that I could not take him in the cars with me. I told him that if my dog could not go in the cars, I could not. After some little parleying he concluded to let my dog go, and ever after that my dog was quite a favorite upon the road, and whenever the conductor came along, he would always ask my dog where his ticket was, and with an intelligent look he would gaze up into the conductor's face and bark, and the conductor would pass on.

I had to go some distance to get ash to make into baskets, and lugging it out of the swamps, I would load up my cart and haul it home. I shot a great many squirrels with my bow and arrow, and I practiced much with my bow while here, and I could kill at as great a distance as the small guns would that were used then.

My wife while here was visited by a great many deaf people, and I had to do all the talking when they came to the tent, and I used to get almost worn out, and sometimes I have no doubt I was a little cross, for it is a fact that deaf people want to talk a great deal more than others, and my lungs were well exercised while here. I think I never saw a place where there were so many deaf people as at this place.

We next went to Freedom, and had our camp near the village, and we here did very well, and I saved up some considerable money. My wife's folks came while here, giving exhibitions, but soon went away again. I bought me a horse which I kept in the rear of a store which I hired and moved into. One night I was awakened by the noise of some person trying to pry open the store door, but my dog, hearing the noise, sprang through the glass in the door, and by the noise and struggling upon the outside I had not much doubt but that my dog had grappled some one. I hurried to the door and saw a man making off up the road, when he jumped into a pung where there was another man, and drove off. I found, at the door, some shreds of clothing, showing that my dog had made some havoc in the garment of the person, if nothing more. A short time after, I took my team, and with my wife I went after a load of firewood, my dog following along behind. I loaded up my team and started homeward. While going along I noticed my dog lingered along behind, gnawing a bone. I did not take much notice of it until I saw him stagger, and remembering that a short distance back he had run down to a brook to drink, I came to the conclusion that he had been poisoned. I went up to a house and got some oil and gave him, but it was too late, the poison had begun to do its work, and he grew weaker and shortly died. I felt very sorrowful at losing him, for he had always proved himself a friend to me, sharing, as he had many times, one-half of my meal. He never proved treacherous on any occasion, but was always faithful, warning me of danger, and ever ready to defend me or my property. I would much rather have lost my horse or steers, yes, all, rather than to have parted with my dog. But he was gone. I brushed away the tears that filled my eyes, and having engaged a man to bury him, I returned home to my camp feeling rather sorrowful.

We shortly moved to Newfield, and while on the road two men came driving up behind us, and rather saucily cried out for us to get out of the road. The snow was pretty deep and my sled was loaded. My wife was behind me in the pung, and as they came up, one of them jumped out and ran forward to my horse's head. My horse had a trick of biting every one that came very near him, and as the fellow got pretty near, he seized him by the arm and threw him down. The man was not used to this kind of action, and he was somewhat surprised, and got up vowing vengeance against my horse, but I told the man that he had better let him alone. He did not say anything more, but pulling his sleigh out upon the side of the road, they passed by us.

We stopped at Newfield with a man named Newbegin, and while here some of my wife's folks came to visit us, and the man that brought them I had to pay nine dollars for their fare, and also had to build an extra tent to accommodate

them. Soon after, two of my wife's brothers came, and I paid seven dollars to the man that brought them, as they came in an extra team. I thought that was rather hard upon me; this seemed to be a new way of paying visits, making me pay their fare for their passage, probably thinking that the great pleasure I should experience in seeing their faces would be more than sufficient to balance the bills. I did not think so, but was much better satisfied when they left than when they came.

We moved from here to Limerick, Me., where I hired a room under Squire Lord's office, who made me agree when I entered it that I would not make any disturbance while there, but my wife's brothers were with me, and they were a noisy set. They used to fiddle and dance, and often the Squire would rap on the floor for them to stop their noise. My wife's folks got into debt here and I had to settle the bills. They also rode my horse and drove him very hard, and upon the whole I thought I was treated rather badly, and determined, the first good opportunity that I had, I would leave. A friend of mine asked me, one day, if I did not wish to go over and see my sister. I told him my situation, and that I had got sick and tired of living in the way I did. I therefore took my horse and got a carriage, and started with my friend to go to my sister's, not letting my wife or her brothers know where I was going. I went first to an uncle's and stopped a few days, and then went to Mr. Bowdoin's, my sister's husband, who had recently moved to Limington, where I met my father, this being the third time we had met since I was recognized as his son. The first night I was there I had quite a long conversation with my sister, who asked me about my life with the Indians, and if I could remember anything before I was taken by them. I told her that I could not remember anything distinctly. She then repeated the following little prayer that she said I used to repeat to her when I laid down to sleep:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

My sister then asked me if I had no recollection of repeating this little prayer. Whilst my sister was repeating it, a vision of my childhood seemed to float in my mind--those little verses had awakened some glimpses of days far back in early life--that indistinct recollection of a little prayer that had floated in my memory, but which I could not grasp, but when my mind was set upon the task of recollecting it, it would take its flight--now burst afresh upon my memory, and I could almost realize distinctly the time when they were repeated to me at my bedside. Now all doubts as to my being the lost child, in my mind, were dissipated; and from that moment I felt that I had a dear father, kind brothers, and loving sisters, yet it seemed strange, alone as I had always been, looking on no one as near to me, to be thus surrounded by friends, and made me feel extremely happy. Before this I had no desire to be with the whites, no desire to find friends among them, but from that conversation with my sister, I was led to look at life in a somewhat different light than I had before.

Chapter XIII

I remained here a few days and then went to Biddleford, where I stopped with my brother Samuel about a week, and then went to Limington and from there to Limerick, where I commenced to go to the Academy, my tuition being paid by Dr. Fogg, and my board being given me by Mr. Cotton Bean. Both of these gentlemen have proved themselves strong friends to me. Not being accustomed to the confinement, I found in about three weeks that I could not stand it, and I had to give up going to school, and started back to Biddeford, where I commenced to practice medicine, and did well, having quite an extensive practice. I went up to Stowe a few weeks after I came to Biddeford, and my brother Samuel thinking that I was rather long, and something must have happened, got a horse and with another man went after me. Thinking that I would have been likely to stop at Mr. Abbott's, a great friend of mine in Fryeburg (which I did do), he called there and inquired for me. There were none of the men folks at home, and none of the women knew my brother Samuel, and they thought that my brother was a man sent to carry me back to the Indians, and they thought they would detain my brother and his companion that was with him until the men folks came home. They therefore asked them to stop and get something to eat, and kept up a pretty lively conversation, but all to no purpose, for my brother was bound to keep on, when finding that they could not stop them, they let them go. They had no sooner left the house than one of Mr. Abbott's sons came home, and his mother telling him the circumstance, he harnessed up a horse and started for Stowe, taking a different road than the one my brother went and somewhat longer, and just as my brother Samuel drove up to the house where I was stopping, young Abbott came, and they both entered the house at the same time. I introduced my brother Samuel to Abbott, who after finding that Samuel was my brother and explaining the matter, had a hearty laugh over it. We all started back and stopped at Mr. Abbott's to tea, explaining the circumstance to them who were much pleased at the intelligence. My brother and his companions and myself kept on that night as far as Sebago, and stopped at Deacon Haley's, and the following day went to Limington, where I stopped at Mr. Manson's, whilst the others kept on to Biddeford. I remained in Limington about a week, and then went to Limerick, and there sold my horse to Isaac Bean, who at first was somewhat afraid to purchase, not knowing whether my title to him was good or not, as the Newells had accused me of running away with their horse, but after getting Squire Lord to write to the man I purchased the horse of, and receiving a satisfactory answer, he bought him. I then went to Saco, stopping with my cousin, Daniel Johnson, and commenced to practice medicine again.

While there I heard that some Indians intended to go down to the Pool, and have a boat-race with some whites, and being well acquainted with them, I went down in the fast-sailing steamer Halifax, with the Indians. I saw the boat-race at the Pool, the Indians paddling their canoe against a four-oared boat, but the Indians were beaten, as they had a very poor canoe. I was well pleased to meet with the Indians, and promised to meet one of them in the covered bridge, and go with them into Portland. After returning from the Pool I went to my boarding-place, and getting some things that I wanted, I told them that I had to

visit a patient, and after getting out of the house I hurried down to the covered bridge, but the Indian was not there, having got tired of waiting for me. I therefore hurried up to the Biddeford depot just in time to take the cars for Portland, and found the Indians on board, and they were very glad to see me. We arrived at Portland, and from there went to Cape Elizabeth, where I found my wife and her folks. I was glad to see my wife, and her father, who had always used me well, and was a very kind man. He was exempt from many habits and indulgences that the Indians are accustomed to, as he never swore, used tobacco, or drank strong drinks, which may perhaps account for his long life and his remarkable health, as he was never to my knowledge sick, and is now about one hundred years old, yet smart and active. They were very glad to see me, but I told them that I was only on a visit, and intended to leave again soon.

My father, who now lived in Biddeford, hearing that I had gone to Portland, came in to see me the next day after I arrived there, and taking me outside of the tent, endeavored to persuade me to go back with him, but I had been so long accustomed to the Indians, I seemed to feel at home amongst them, and I did not feel disposed to go back. My father finding that I would not go back, invited me to call and see him, whenever I had an opportunity, which I promised to do, and he then left me and returned home.

My wife's brothers wishing to keep me with them, began to talk of getting up an exhibition, and wanted me to help them. As I always had a turn for this kind of life, I entered heartily into it, and went and engaged the City Hall in Portland, and having about one hundred dollars, I bought some curtains, dresses, and other things, using up the most of my money. I procured some bills, and had them posted up, and before I got through I used up all of my money, as the other ones did not have any. I agreed to furnish the money and purchase the things, and the first night we were to go shares, and after that the company were to hire out to me, for so much a night for their services. The first night the hall was full, some eight or ten hundred I should judge, and the tickets were twenty-five cents, yet at the close of the evening the ticket seller gave the money to me in a small box, which after dividing among us, we had four dollars and sixty cents apiece, and only eight of us in the company. We had two men that we hired to take and sell tickets, whether or not they cheated, I did not know; but I did know that some of the company sold tickets before the performance and kept the money, not giving any account for it.

I then expected to play the following night, but those that had engaged to play for me, refused, and I was thus left some one hundred dollars short, having to show for it about half the amount in properties. The rest of the company engaged Deering's Hall, and advertised to play on Monday night, as we had played on Saturday evening, but as the curtains and dresses were mine, and as they had no fixtures at all, they had to give it up. They therefore got put out with me, because I would not let them have my curtains and dresses, and would not have anything to do with me, which provoked me so that I packed up my things, and went with my wife to Wells Depot. We stopped here about a week, making baskets, and selling them in the village, but as it was a small place, we left it and went to North Berwick, where we camped in "Walnut Grove," where we made and sold baskets.

We next went to Elliot, Me., and camped by the side of the railroad. We stopped here about a fortnight, but as we could not sell many baskets, we got entirely out of money.

We next went to Portsmouth, N. H., and we heard that there were some Indians at Kittery Point, and taking some baskets we traveled over there, selling our baskets as we went along, but not finding any Indians, we went back to Portsmouth. We then took the cars and went to Hampton, camping out there and making baskets, selling quite a number. Here we fell in with my wife's brother, who was camping out. We next went to Cambridgeport, Mass., where we made quite a number of baskets, and did very well.

Chapter XIV

We next went to Hingham, Mass., where we found some Indians of the Penobscot tribe. My wife practiced medicine, which with our making and selling baskets, brought us in considerable money. We shortly went to Alton Bay, N. H., but not doing very well here, we remained but a few days, and then hired a team and had our things carried to Wolfsboro', while we walked, and as it was raining hard, we got completely drenched with water.

I had some trouble with my wife's folks, and packing up my things, I had them sent to Limington, whilst I started off afoot and alone, and walked to Limerick, and was from there carried by a friend to my sister's in Limington. I traveled around the country a short time, visiting my friends, and then went to Saco, where I commenced to practice. I did very well while here, but had been here but a short time before I received a letter from my wife, who said she wished me to send her some money, or to come and get her, as she had to raise money by pawning many things that she had, and was now in poor circumstances. I went up soon after, and redeeming the things, we went to Biddeford, and boarded with Mr. Mason, upon Pool St., but we had been here but a short time before my wife's folks came to visit us, and as I did not wish to pay their board, I hired a tenement and moved to Factory Island, Saco.

One of my wife's brothers went with me, and as he wished for a place where he could make bows and arrows, I hired a small shop, and fitted it up, putting in hair oils and medicines, and let him tend it. I found after a short time that my things began to disappear, and I went over one day with the intention of taking them out of the shop, but I arrived there too late, for my things were nearly all gone, and the young man had cleared out. I had paid the rent for the shop in advance, and as I did not like where I then lived, I moved into this shop. Whilst living here I commenced to build me a tent upon Factory Island hill, but just before I moved into it, I was taken sick, but recovering somewhat, I moved in. It was damp weather, and taking a cold, I was confined to my bed for some time. After recovering, I collected some of the money that was due me, and then we went to the Pool that I might regain my health.

We had been at the Pool but a few days before the "Floating Palace," a steamboat carrying a circus company, came into the harbor, and I hired out with the proprietor to travel with it. I left with the company, leaving my wife at the Pool, and went as far east as Bangor, where, finding that I was not able to endure the fatigue, I settled up and left the company. I went back to Cape Elizabeth, where I found my wife. We went out to Saco, and from there down to the Pool in the steamer Halifax, the captain giving us a free passage, and otherwise treating us kindly.

I had some furniture at the Pool, and I waited for the boat three days, but the weather was so bad that it did not come, and being impatient to get away, I walked with my wife to Saco, leaving word for part of my things to be sent up as soon as the boat commenced to run.

After getting my things we went to Nantasket, Mass., where we camped out; my wife practiced here, and with making and selling baskets, we did well. We next went to Cohasset and camped near the depot. Some of my wife's folks came along while we were here, and we commenced to give exhibitions. See page 1.

After traveling with the company a number of weeks, we left and went to East Braintree, where we stopped a short time, and then moved to Quincy. At this place I was troubled exceedingly by the Irish, who came to my camping grounds in great numbers. One day while I was sitting outside of my tent, Father Sullivan, an Irish priest, hearing that I was against the Catholics, came up where I was sitting to give me a talking to. He was a thin, spare man, and rather ignorant, but thought that the importance of his situation would make him known, and that great respect and deference should be shown his worship. "Where do you belong?" he asked me rather sharply. "I belong to the Penobscot tribe, at Oldtown."

"I know you don't; you don't belong to any such a tribe," he said. "If you know better than I do, you may tell my story," I said. Finding that I was not afraid of him, he asked me how long ago I was there. "I travel," I replied, "most of the time." "I know it, I know it, you are not good enough to stop there, you are not good enough to go there--don't you go there, for you will spoil them," and then he asked what my name was. I told him that I was called John Glossian, and sometimes John Lawshian, and that I belonged to the Penobscot tribe. "I know you don't," he said, "for I know all about you, for you are not an Indian," he replied. I had subdued as much as possible my temper, but I began now to be angry at the rude manner in which he addressed me, and I ordered him to leave the ground. This made him very excited, and he jumped around, pronouncing execrations against me, and told me to shut up. I told him that there was no Catholic priest that could stop me from talking, and ordered him to leave, but as he did not feel disposed to do so, I jumped up, and seizing him by the shoulders, I turned him around, and kicked him into the street, and as it was descending ground, he went there in a hurry. This was the last I ever saw of Father Sullivan, but the Irish were greatly enraged at the manner I treated their priest, and they took every occasion to annoy me. We next went to Bangor, and from there to Oldtown, where we stopped about six weeks. Whilst I was at Oldtown, the City Marshal of Bangor and another officer came there to look after John Newell, and as the officers did not know Newell, they mistook me for him. Newell had eloped with a young white girl from South Boston, and the father had sent an officer to find them. The Indians at Oldtown imagined that it was some great crime that the young man was guilty of, and they asked me to go to Boston and hunt up Newell. I went to Bangor, and there I went into a saloon to get something to eat, before going on board the boat for Boston. Whilst I was in the saloon an officer came in and asked me what I had done with the girl that I ran away with. I told him that the girl was not a great distance off. The officer said that I must go to Boston with him, but finding that I was so willing to go, he suspected that I was not the one he was after, and he asked me if my name was Newell. I told him that it was not, and he soon found upon inquiry that he had been mistaken. I went to Boston, and to the camping grounds of the Indians, where in a few days after I arrived, Newell came. After finding that the affair in which he was concerned was settled up, I went back to Oldtown. I then went with my wife to Portland, as it was about the time the "Great Eastern" was expected, and built me a camp upon the head of the wharf that she was expected to stop at. I made up a great many baskets, as I supposed that I could sell all that I could make, after the steamer arrived, as it was expected there would be a great number of people in the city. After stopping until the middle of November waiting for the appearance of the steamer, I found that it was a great humbug, and that I had made all my preparations for nothing, for the steamer

did not come, but I consoled myself with the thought that I was not the only one that had been disappointed. I left my things at Portland, and went with my wife to Sabattisville, where some of my wife's folks were. I had considerable trouble with my wife's brothers while here, as they endeavored to impose upon me every opportunity that they had, and after a short time I left and walked to Greene, where an uncle of mine lived, where I stopped a few days. I went with my wife out to Biddeford, and down to the Pool to see to some of my things that were left there, calling upon the way upon some of my folks. A short time after I went back to Greene, I bought an ambrotype saloon at Buckfield, and moved into it, where we stopped a few months. We moved our saloon to Paris hill, where we engaged a situation in front of the house where Hon. Hannibal Hamlin was born, but was then occupied by Mr. Chase of Portland, as a summer residence; a fine man, to whom, with his family, I am indebted for many acts of kindness shown me. The place was in a beautiful situation, commanding a fine view of the surrounding scenery, and in a very healthy and desirable location, as it was the center of a rich and fruitful country. I moved from this place to South Paris, placing my saloon opposite the depot. Whilst here, my wife was in poor health so that she could not practice, and shutting up my saloon and procuring me necessary things, I prepared for a journey to the lakes in Oxford County, the particulars of which we will reserve for another, and the last chapter of the series.

Chapter XV

The morning we started was one of the most beautiful mornings of the season, and with a good double-barreled gun, and with my dog at my side, we started off for a tour to the lakes. The first day we arrived at Rumford Corner, where we stopped over night, and in the morning resumed our journey, continuing our way for a short distance to Ellis river, where we launched a birch canoe that we had bought, and took our course up the river, our dog swimming along behind, and at times running along upon the shore. This was the most winding and tortuous stream that I ever saw, and in one place by carrying our canoes about four rods across a strip of land, we saved more than a mile of distance by water. In some three days after we started we arrived at Andover, where we stopped a week waiting for a team to go into the lakes, to take our things.

One night while there, as I camped by the side of the river, I went out after muskrats. By imitating a noise that they make, persons may call them around their canoes if any are near. I called one up to the canoe, but as he came up at the side, I was afraid to fire, fearful that I might lose my balance, as the concussion would be great upon the canoe. I therefore paddled my canoe around, and the rat dived into the water, and came up at the side again, and this was continued for some time, until at last somewhat excited, I fired from the side, and the result was that the canoe was overturned, and I was precipitated into the water. I had to drop my gun in the water, which was some fifteen feet deep, so as to be enabled to reach the shore. My dog hearing the report of my gun, slipped his head from his collar, and ran down to the river, and pointing him to the canoe in the river, he swam in and seized the canoe by his teeth, and brought it ashore. The next day a small boy brought me my paddle, having picked it up some distance down the river, and taking my canoe I went out and fished up my gun from the river. A few days after, we started for the lakes, walking through the woods in a miserable road, and hearing that there was a camp near the lake, we went to it, but it was in such a miserable condition that we left it, and built us a camp near the lake.

The team that had our things came in a few days after, bringing our provisions, which we were glad to see, as we were entirely out. We stopped at the lakes a number of days, spending our time in fishing and gunning, having fine times. I caught some beautiful salmon trout, and also speared salmon in the rapids, between the lakes, in the night, by the light of torches, which is very exciting work. After visiting different parts of the lakes, and enjoying much the few days that we spent there, somewhat reluctantly we turned our faces homeward. As we journeyed down the lake in our canoe, as we arrived opposite Metallic Point, it blew so furiously that we had to go ashore. We went to a place that was called the "farm-house." This place the hunters always made a home, and there were many conveniences for those who made it their quarters. To save gathering wood for a fire, they used to knock down some of the inside work and cut it up for fuel.

I found that some hunters were stopping here as this time, for in one of the rooms I saw quite a lot of skins of different animals, hanging around the room, and there was also a number of partridges, and as my wife's appetite was

rather poor, and we were entirely out of provisions, I took a couple and made a stew, feeling that the emergency of the case would justify the act. We started the next day and went down the lake to the Narrows, where I camped with a man named Leonard, who was there with a small company. I acted as cook, and they were much pleased with my modes of cooking, and I had a very pleasant time while stopping there. After stopping a few days we started to walk across the woods in letter C. We came to one very romantic and beautiful spot whilst walking through the woods. There is one place where the travelers generally cross; it is a narrow cut between two high cliffs upon each side, and through this narrow defile a stream of water rushes swiftly down a bed of rocks, and at the time we were there, the stream was swollen, and it was with extreme difficulty that we were enabled to cross. A short distance down where we crossed, the narrow defile seemed filled with the spray of water, and the rays of the sun shining upon the mist above the rocky sides gave a deep, dark hue to the spray below.

It was a brilliant scene from the river bed up to where the sunlight fell upon the mist; there were changing colors, alternating as the rays of sun lifted upwards. We stopped to view this beautiful scene, but while gazing, those bright hues disappeared, and the darkness indicated the approach of night, and we turned reluctantly away, and continued our homeward march.

At night we arrived at Andover, where we stopped a few days, and selling our canoe, and procuring a carriage, as my wife was not well, I carried her to Andover Corner, where we stopped with Mr. Roberts. We here took the stage for Woodstock, N. H., but I had rode but a short distance before I missed my dog, and getting out I started back to find him, and went back some distance before I found him. I started then to walk for Woodstock, getting a ride part of the distance with a man who overtook me on the road. I rode with this man through Bethel, where he showed me a house where there was a child named Wilbur stolen by the Indians many years before. After leaving the man I kept on towards Woodstock, where I arrived in a short time, and found my wife there.

From there we went to South Paris, where we stopped until November practicing medicine, and then moved to our saloon to Bridgton where I stopped part of the winter of 1860. I wanted while here to see my folks, and we started one day and walked to Deacon Haley's at Sebago, and I went a hunting one day while there for partridges. I found that it was an excellent place to hunt, for a person might hunt all day without seeing anything. I next started with my wife to see my folks, and secured a passage to Steep Falls, and from there I walked to Hollis where I supposed my father still lived, but meeting a person with whom I was acquainted, to my surprise, he said that my father had moved to Biddeford. I was much disappointed at this piece of information, as I intended to surprise my father, as it was Thanksgiving day. I stopped that night at my uncle's, and the next morning we were carried a short distance upon our way, and then we walked the remainder of the distance to Salmon Falls, stopping over night with a friend of mine.

The next day we continued our journey, and walked to Biddeford where I found my father. I stopped with him about a week, and then we went to Limington, where I had left some of my things sometime before. I built me a sled while here, and as my dog was large and stout, I harnessed him in. At first he was

somewhat rebellious, but after some little coercion he became more docile, and at last went along very well. I stopped at Sebago one night, and then went to Bridgton, where my saloon was, where I stopped a few days. Whilst here my wife was taken sick, and as I had no conveniences at my place, I went with my wife to Biddeford again, and stopped with my father. My wife not recovering her health, and as she wished to see her folks who were then stopping at Oldtown, when somewhat recovered, she left my father's, and went there in March last, where she has remained since that time.

Many of the incidents that have occurred whilst with the Indians are necessarily omitted, as it was intended to make a small volume, and we have also endeavored to state incidents as they occurred, and in a truthful manner, and if we have erred upon either side, it is in not giving full force to them, and presenting occurrences as they actually were, but we had rather err upon this side than to give that fictitious cast and high coloring which is now so generally done in all reading that is presented to the public.

We cannot conclude our narrative better than by using the language of the Scripture, which the father has found so appropriate to his case, "For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

FINIS.

